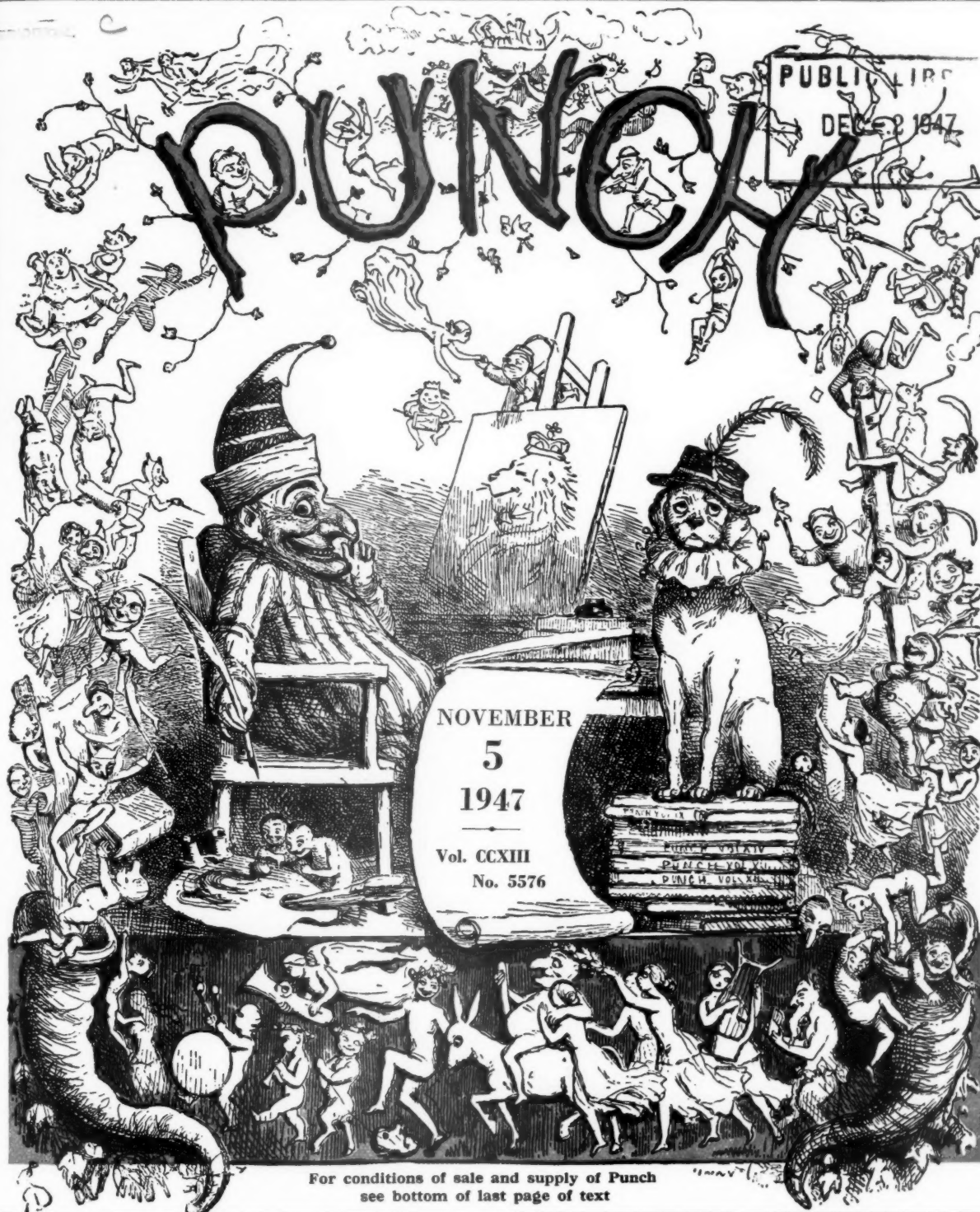


CADBURY'S MILD DESSERT CHOCOLATE



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L^{TD}.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 14d.; Canada, 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.

FROM A WRITING BOOK OF 1841



*In ancient times when drawing first began,
a lump of chalk might rudely sketch a swan;
but now, that art to more perfection brought:
a swan a pen can strike as quick as thought*

Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/-, purchase tax extra
Showroom & Service Depot: 179 New Bond Street, London W.1
WARR, TONG & CO. LTD 45 PARK STREET, LONDON W.3



Made by **ABDULLA** for those
who prefer the American style of blend

THE *Perfect* CHRISTMAS GIFT

— freedom from Cleaning Drudgery



The latest type
of Hoover — at the
pre-war price!

How excited and pleased she'll be at getting a Hoover Cleaner. Hours of back-aching drudgery saved every week for years to come, better health, greater happiness. It is the World's Best Cleaner! The latest streamlined models — with all modern refinements — are still available at pre-war prices. Ask your Authorised Hoover Dealer to give you a demonstration. There is a model for every size and type of home.

Prices from £10.10.0 to £20.8.0 (plus purchase tax)



The **HOOVER**
REGISTERED TRADE MARK



It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

HOOVER LIMITED • PERIVALE GREENFORD • MIDDLESEX

This 'BOMB'

penetrates
8 inches
of steel



This is what metallurgists call a "radium bomb." It is used for no destructive purpose, but to produce valuable radiographs of metals too thick for ordinary X-rays to pass through.

● 200 m.g. radium bomb: Johnson, Matthey & Co. Limited.

Gamma rays from the pin-head of radium it contains can penetrate steel eight inches thick, forming a picture on X-ray film of the soundness of the metal, showing up any flaws however deep. This is just one of the many ways in which photography is solving industry's problems.

Can Applied Photography help you?

WRITE TO **KODAK**

KODAK LTD • DEPT. P551 • KINGSWAY • LONDON • WC1

Mr. Pepys in 'The City'



The sign of The Black Horse hung in Lombard Street in the days when Mr. Pepys "kept his running cash" there and found material for the diary that has made him immortal.

As the character of Mr. Pepys is written into his diary, so the character of this great Banking House is written into every transaction that has extended its reputation with the passing of time. We see it as our duty so to

conduct the affairs of Lloyds Bank that the verdict of the future will endorse our actions as worthy of our past.

Let
LLOYDS BANK
look after your
interests



KNOW YOUR TYRES

It's what you can't see that's important

It's the internal construction of a tyre—the relation of the building up of the plies to the tread, of the tread to the sidewall, the co-ordinated **BALANCE** in design of each to the other, that makes the perfect tyre—safe, silent and long-lasting. The new **INDIA** tyre—built on an advanced principle of balanced construction, is the finest tyre obtainable today.



INDIA TYRES ARE FITTED TO BENTLEY CARS



for Magnificent Motoring

Here is a true post-war design and one moreover that is obviously worthy of the tradition of a company which has always produced cars for the motorist who wants a machine designed around an ideal rather than a price. Its characteristics are ably summed up as representing sports-car performance with town-carriage manners.

vide "The Motor"

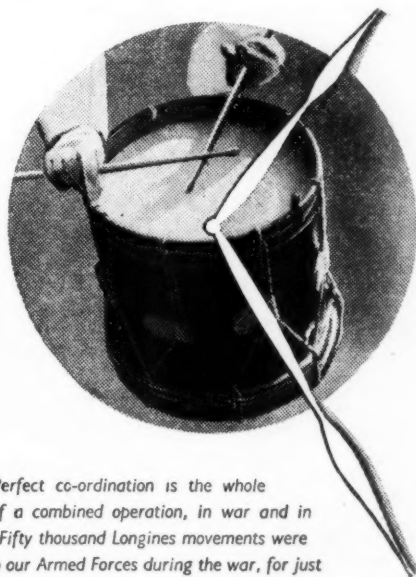
90 H.P. 2½ litre Saloon £880 plus £245 3s. 10d. Purchase Tax
1½ litre Saloon . . . £675 plus £188 5s. 0d. Purchase Tax

Riley—as old as the industry—as modern as the hour

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY



LONDON SHOWROOMS: "RILEY CARS" 55-56 PALL MALL S.W.1
Export Business—Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



Perfect co-ordination is the whole secret of a combined operation, in war and in peace. Fifty thousand Longines movements were supplied to our Armed Forces during the war, for just that reason. Today people, who depend upon accurate timing, wear Longines on their wrists.

Longines

THE SUPREME TIMEKEEPER



From your own jeweller • Baume & Company, London, and La Chaux-de-Fonds

Long hours without fatigue



The very comfort of the modern office chair can be a snare. Long hours seated in a relaxed position bring fatigue and — more serious — sagging and distended organs. Inevitably, indigestion and faulty posture follow. But the man whom the longest hours of work cannot tire is the man who wears a Linia Belt.

Price including the Linia Jock Strap
From £4.4.0 and 3 coupons

LINIA BELT

SOLD ONLY BY
J. ROUSSEL LTD.

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
Phone: REG. 7570

And at
Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.

HENNESSY

BRANDY

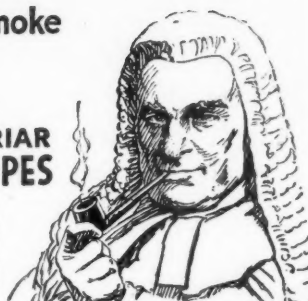
*The spirit of patience,
care and experience*

All shrewd Judges smoke



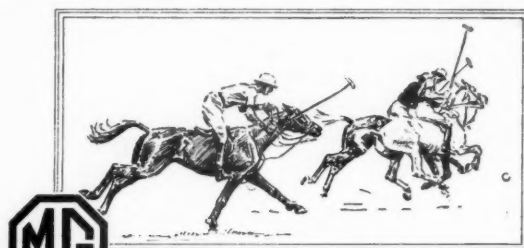
The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds the supply, but the quality is still as good as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining a genuine Orlik London-made pipe, please write to us for address of the nearest Tobacconist who may be able to supply you.

L. ORLIK LTD,
17-18, Old Bond St., London, W.1
Established 1899

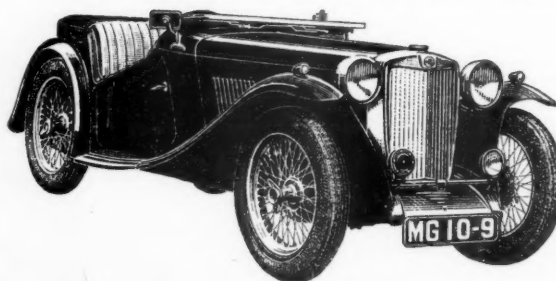


Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES

Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



Maintaining the Breed



*As with horses so with cars—
certain hereditary qualities make
them leaders in their class...*

Safety first!

Price £412.10.0 ex works,
Purchase Tax £115.6.8 extra.

THE MG CAR COMPANY LTD., ABINGDON-ON-THAMES



A good vermouth—
a true vermouth
yet only 9/6 a bottle

VOTRIX

SWEET OR DRY



A LITTLE GOOD NEWS



A little of the following pre-war brands of sherry is available to Registered Customers on request at control price of 17/-.

**CLUB AMONTILLADO, ANITA
and MERIENDA**

Restrictions still prevent these wines being offered generally, nor can we yet offer such old favourites as Bristol Cream, Shooting Sherry and Hunting Port. We can, however, register names for supply in rotation, as and when conditions may permit.

HARVEY'S
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD

Bristol

FOUNDED 1796
Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King
CVS-27



Every time you use your Halex toothbrush a regiment of keen, pliant nylon tufts springs into action. With every stroke you make, the lively points go searching in and out of all the nooks and crannies—cleaning and polishing up your teeth.

HALEX

for a nice clean mouth

PARDON! - MY MISTAKE!! -
THEY SHOULD USE

Furmoto

WHAT THE
WAITER SAID

**GUARANTEED
100%
NON-SLIP**



Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

**£100 FREE INSURANCE
AGAINST SLIPPING.**

Sold in tins, 1/6, 3/-, 5/- and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

Furmoto non-slip FLOOR CREAM

Awarded 64 Gold Medals.

In cases of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W. 9

To preserve your shoes. Polish them with **SOLITAIRE** Shoe Polish de Luxe

**IT'S THE WEIGHT
BEHIND THE
EDGE**



**THAT GIVES
SMOOTHER, EASIER
SHAVES**

Ever-Ready super-keen Corru-X Blades are hollow-ground from specially made surgical steel—steel with enough weight to take a hollow ground edge and hold it longer than ordinary wafer blades. After grinding comes honing and stropping. Each blade is stropped 4840 times.

Ever-Ready CORRU-X Blades
THEY'RE HOLLOW GROUND — THEY LAST LONGER!

QUEEN ANNE

SCOTCH WHISKY

**RARE
in quality
EXQUISITE
in style**



By Appointment to
H. M. The King
Wine & Spirit Merchants

**HILL THOMSON &
CO. LTD.,
EDINBURGH**

Holders of Royal
Appointment to
successive Sove-
reigns since 1838

**HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793**

HOWARDS' ASPIRIN

is not the cheapest
— it is the best

**Outstanding
amongst
the FINE
Cigars**

**SINCE
1863**



**for
the best
people,
places &
occasions**

Don Garcia

F.I.®

the best shops now have
limited supplies of

Valstar
RAINCOATS

VALSTAR LTD. SALFORD 6, LANC.
also at 314 Regent Street - London - W.1
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

**THE WORLD'S FINEST
MOTOR SCYTHE**
The "ALLEN" Self-Propelled Machine



FOR RAPID AND ECONOMICAL
CUTTING OF ALL KINDS OF ROUGH
GROWTH, WEEDS, BRACKEN, ETC. ETC.
CUTS 36 INS. WIDE AT ONE PASSAGE
VARIOUS USEFUL ATTACHMENTS
ALSO AVAILABLE

Catalogues on request to
JOHN ALLEN & SONS (OXFORD) LTD.
COWLEY, OXFORD, ENGLAND



HOT AIR RISES

Which may explain why so many public utterances are above our heads. But to keep a room (public or private) healthily ventilated in all weathers and without having to open and shut windows, VENT-AXIA Stale-Air Extractors do a very fine job. They cost, even now, less than a tanner apiece. They can be fitted in less than twenty minutes. And they use, in current, less than a small lamp.

FOR BETTER AIR CONDITIONS

VENT-AXIA

"fits in the window pane"

9 VICTORIA ST. LONDON, S.W.1 Tel. ABW. 5168-9
And of GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM & LEEDS (3)

RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

Daily we get letters of appreciation from devotees of Rattray's tobaccos. Frequently we have letters from new friends who have just sampled one of our blends. These letters reveal enthusiasm and pleasure at their discovery of such a good companion. One customer writes: From Sussex—"I have never before submitted a word of praise or appreciation for any product that I have bought or used, but I feel that it is essentially a duty to write and tell you that here is a tobacco that I shall stick to for life. Your Reserve mixture is beyond compare."



Obtainable only from
Chas. Rattray
TOBACCO BLENDER
Perth, Scotland
Prices 72/- per lb., Post Paid.
Send 18/- for sample (1 lb. tin. Post Free.

Saunton Sands Hotel

Facing South and overlooking
Bideford Bay

SQUASH TENNIS

Special Terms for winter residents
Bookings now being accepted for
Xmas Holidays.

Enquiries to: The Manager,
SAUNTON SANDS HOTEL,
Nr. Braunton, N. Devon.
Croyde 212

founded  1797

CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING
WIRE NETTING

JOINERY & WOODWORKING
FENCING & IRONWORK

Boulton & Paul Limited

NORWICH

London Office: 14 Stanhope Gate, W.1. Phone: Grosvenor 4521

"Once you've driven it,
you'll say the same . . ."

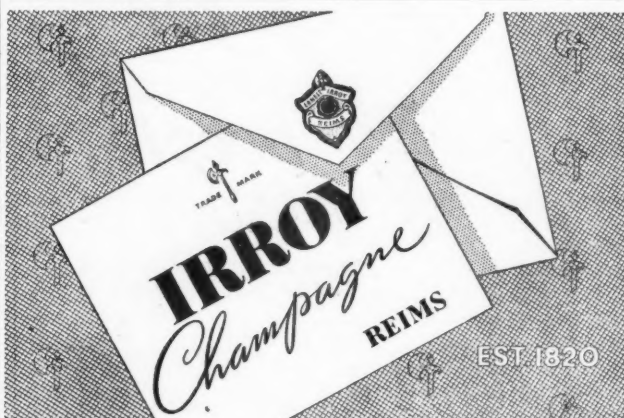


I'm going to have a
MORRIS

MORRIS MOTORS LTD · COWLEY  OXFORD

Export Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

C.37.M



"My
headache's
gone..."



I took
GENASPRIN

'Genasprin'—the safe brand of aspirin—quickly checks Headaches, Toothache, Nerve and Rheumatic pains, Colds and 'Flu. At any time of strain or pain 'Genasprin' sees you through! 1/5d. and 2/3d.

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatossan Ltd. Loughborough.

13



EG23

Nov. 8th

Please give generously
and help to



last year's total

JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD.

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.H.)
64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

Don't forget
your...

Andy



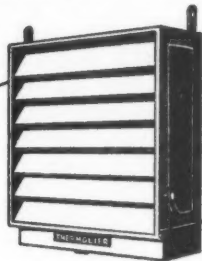
GARDEN GLOVES
3/11 per pair, of Ironmongers and Stores or direct (post paid). One coupon per pair.
TEDSON, THORNEY & CO., ROCHDALE



An Economical Heating System

November—there's a nip in the air; the sun shines, perhaps; but more often it doesn't. A bad month.

Have you brought the warmth of the August sun into your works? Did you install Thermolier Unit Heaters in time for this winter? If not—profit by experience. The Thermolier Unit Heater represents the best and most economical method of industrial heating.



THERMOLIER Unit Heater

MATHER & PLATT LTD., MANCHESTER. 10.

"May I walk
in puddles?"

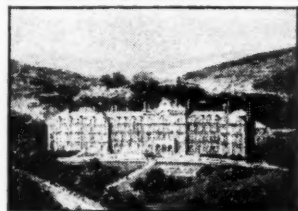


"Yes - in your NORTH BRITISH Wellingtons"

Designed for Comfort • Welded Seams for Strength

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD. EDINBURGH AND LONDON

B 16



PALACE HOTEL, BUXTON

Good beds—good food—music—dancing—
ideal indoor swim pool—health-giving
walks in glorious Derbyshire.
Enquiries have the personal attention of the
Managing Director, Mr. J. J. Hewlett.
Phone: Buxton 2000

There is no peace



... for these splendid men.
Round our coasts the perils of war
are over, but the work of the Life-
boat Service and its perils remain.
Your help is needed.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42 GROSVENOR GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.1.

The Duke of Montrose, C.B., C.V.O.,
V.D., Treasurer
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D.,
M.A., Secretary

TIME FOR A CHURCHMAN'S No. 1

"Now for
15 minutes' pleasure
and satisfaction."



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

C.M.I



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have renamed it — Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine & Spirit Merchants to H.M. the King.

*She might have been the happiest
woman in the world, but . . .*

*"... darling, you
look tired,"* HE SAID



A few kind words, affectionately spoken . . . and suddenly the spell of the evening is shattered. For what else is a tired look but an old look? Skin Deep, used faithfully as a foundation by day and as a skin food at night, prevents your complexion looking jaded. A skilful blend of oils closely resembling the complexion's natural oils, it does your skin good all the time.

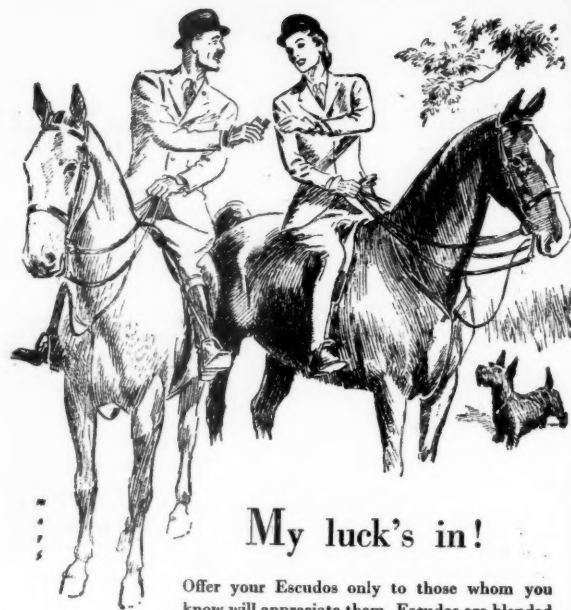
Skin Deep

BEAUTY CREAM

FOR DAY AND NIGHT USE

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET, W.1

ASD. 19-1099



My luck's in!

Offer your Escudos only to those whom you know will appreciate them. Escudos are blended with extra care to give extra pleasure to Virginia smokers. Slightly bigger than normal—and very much better.



COPE'S
Escudo
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/8



Morlands

MADE IN ENGLAND
AT GLASTONBURY

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT

You'll make no mistake with Morlands Sheepskin Boots or Slippers; their soft fleece cushions the foot.

Morlands

WOOLLY

SHEEPSKIN FOOTWEAR



MARMITE makes
a good pie better. Tinned meat, fresh meat or vegetables—whatever is under the crust, will be good and tasty if you add some Marmite. Marmite not only adds flavour, it provides essential vitamins too. So for good flavour and good health add a little Marmite to all your pies, soups, gravies and stews.

MARMITE. A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B₂ complex. Riboflavin - 1.5 mg. per oz. Niacin - 16.5 mg. per oz.

In Jars: 1 oz. 8d. 2 oz. 1/1
4 oz. 2/- 8 oz. 3/3 16 oz. 5/9

from all Grocers and Chemists.



GUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIII No. 5576

November 5 1947

Charivaria

A "BRITISH WEEK" recently held in Italy was a great success. The inhabitants are now reported to be feeling far more contented.

Shakespeare was fairly severely cut in a recent series on the Third Programme. Bacon, by a strange coincidence, was similarly treated in the nine o'clock news.



A man in court said he lost a week's rations in a poker game with strangers during a railway journey. They probably played their emergency cards.

A London dentist who had his pocket picked on a big race day at Newmarket did not discover the fact until he arrived home in the evening. What amazed him was that he really did not feel a thing.

This Week's Thought-Provoking Statement

"Bird-watching as a hobby is in the great tradition of British statesmanship."—*Dust-cover of recent publication.*

Since caterers' supplies were cut we hear many people have taken to rations to eke out their eating out.

The B.B.C., we are told, is always experimenting. That was a daring innovation recently when the peroration of a Cabinet Minister's speech was broadcast in place of the opening phases of Itma.

"There comes a time when a man should leave tobacco severely alone," warns a doctor. The point now arises—how often does Mr. Dalton consult *his* medical man?

"X 243 O.K. I received your letter too late and therefore could not meet me as I asked you to do in my letter? Please write and make another appointment."—*Advt. in "Johannesburg Star."*

And better luck next time.

American scientists have split five new atoms which are useless for bombs. So they threw them back on the atomic pile.

In view of a recent appeal to the Courts over a boxing dispute, leading pugilists are now considering retaining counsel to advise them between rounds.



A correspondent complains that an extending table he bought collapsed owing to faulty workmanship. He didn't know the leaves were deciduous.

"Journalist, B.A.(Cantab.), on night editorial staff, seeks interesting diversion for mornings, London."—*"The Times."*

What about lying in bed and listening to other people getting up?

A clergyman states that his son's ambition is to become a racing motorist. He has no intention, he adds, of standing in the boy's way.



Now is the Time.

NOW is the time when (Note to printer:
Use italics wherever I do)
With a *fal-lal-lal* we must face the
winter
And a *hey nonny nonny, tu-whit tu-whu.*

Now is the time when ancient fashion
Lights the guy with a loud *hurrah*,
And the last lone drops of the basic ration
Will do very well for that *tra la!*

Now is the time when the turnip eater,
Now is the time when the parsnip-fan
Tunes his lay to a merry metre,
Filling the gaps as best he can.

Now is the time when the English hermit
(What does he care for clothes or food!)
Gets for himself a Government permit
To carve a hole in a hillside wood.

Oh, but his heart is well-intentioned
As he sits alone on a fireless floor,

With a *fal-lal-lal*, as I think I've mentioned,
Smokes no longer, and bathes no more,

Singing a song, dull care rebuffing,
And the sough of the wind in the wintry glade,
Weaving his beard into arm-chair stuffing
Solely designed for the export trade.

Never a drop of wine nor malten
Liquor shall come to his thirsty lips;
Not very nice, maybe, for Dalton,
But quite O.K. by Sir Stafford Cripps.

And this is the song you hear him utter
As he works away in his woodland dell,
"I am probably better without my butter,
And better without my bitter as well."

And his boots are burst but his cheek is bonny,
With the lash of the wind and the sting of
the rain,

And a *tra-la-la* and a *hey nonny nonny*
And a *fal-lal-lal* in italics again.

EVOE.

Birthdiparti

SOME time in the nineteen-fifties it will be, I suppose, when I am approached by the well-known B.B.C. about the Monday Birthday Party in "Monday Night at Eight."

"Do you really mean me?" I say, and the well-known B.B.C. replies "Certainly," with an impatient tap of the foot.

It then turns out that what they want is not that I should do something at someone else's Birthday Party; no. It is to be my own Birthday Party: they've come to the end of their list of delighted beneficiaries; my bizarre wishes are to be granted between 8.45 and 9 P.M. on Monday.

We settle down to arranging the details.

"Well, now," we both say simultaneously. I make a courteous gesture, inviting the well-known B.B.C. to go ahead—am I not, as it were, the challenger?—but it is already in the middle of its sentence.

"It so happens that we are in a position," says the well-known B.B.C., "at precisely that time, to broadcast the remarks made by the Professor of Numismatics who is investigating the strange mystery of the recurrence of the dates 1905 and 1906 on pennies dredged up from the bed of the English Channel. He will be actually on the ocean bed, in a diving-suit, pedalling along on his specially constructed seaweed-proof submarine bicycle and peering through a reversed magnifying periscope at the coins all around, and he will deliver a running commentary on what he sees. My word, you'd like to hear that, wouldn't you?"

So I say "Well, of course, it might be——"

"Excellent," the well-known B.B.C. replies briskly. "That will take care of three minutes, or perhaps four,

if we can arrange for Mr. Waldman or somebody to sail over the top of him in a glass-bottomed boat and drop a shower of 1905 pennies for him to look at. Then we come to your favourite stage performer."

"Well," I say, "I don't know exactly about—I mean, I haven't exactly got a——"

"On that night, it can be arranged that Prolegomena Distich, the famous actress, shall go by way of our studio from her part in the first act of *The Dusk of History* at the Mercury, Notting Hill Gate, to her turn right at the end of *What Say?* at the New Cross Empire. We'll find out from her what questions she'd like to answer, and you can ask them. We'll let you have a script in ample time for two rehearsals. On second thoughts we've got some monologue records of hers—you could fit your questions in with one of those. There's the middle five minutes, allowing for introductions and such—and perhaps replies to people who have rung up about mistakes."

"That'll be fine, I suppose," I say, "but——"

"Isn't it exciting?" says the well-known B.B.C. "Then for the last few minutes, *ad lib.*, of course, it'll be your favourite orchestra and your favourite song. According to Research, the most-plugged tune (counting street whistling and bathroom singing within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross) in the twenty-four hours ending at midnight on that Monday is likely to be 'I Hate To Keep My Ears Akimbo,' and the only vocalists on our premises who won't have sung it on the air by that time will be the sweet-singing Buv Sisters. It will be splendid to loose them on to it, with the Augmented Dance Orchestra, because it will give Kenneth Horne a chance to elicit beforehand by skilful questioning the fact that Starza Buv, the third member who recently joined the well-known pair



GUNPOWDER PLAN

"Spare us a petrol coupon to burn the guy."



"And this morning we took the children to the Tower."

Hevna Buv and Muna Buv, is (as is not generally known) really a cousin, not a sister, whose true name is Anastasia McSmoothiniron. Odd little facts—that's the stuff—never a dull moment! Won't it be a wonderful birthday for you? All your most difficult and improbable wishes granted through the miracle of radio! No expense spared!"

"Of course," I say diffidently, getting into position to look the gift horse squarely down the throat, "there's just one thing—it wouldn't take any more time, either—"

The well-known B.B.C., outraged, looks at me suspiciously.

"Just for *my* occasion," I say in a low voice, "there's this question of the announcement. The announcer always for some reason says 'MON-DAY—Birthdiparti!' and it seems to me that, announcement rhythm or no announcement rhythm, it might sound more . . . more . . . Well, anyway, I should say 'Mondi—Birthday—Party!' Could you get him to say it, just for my birthday? Only a fad, of course . . ."

But the well-known B.B.C. is consulting its diary. "Let's see," it says, "this broadcast will be on Monday week. When is your birthday, just as a matter of interest?"

"Four and a half months ago," I say.

"Ah," says the well-known B.B.C., "near enough. You ought to have told us at the time—we might have got you a couple of tickets for Itma."

R. M.

Penalties

or The Anagrammatist Quits the Holy Land.

FAMILIAR country, loved this many a year,
I write thee *an epistle* ere we part;
Though with my *pen I slate* thee, yet how dear,
Image of woe, thou *leapest* in my heart!

Has any left thee with a worse regret?
Could any *else paint* with a warmer zeal
Thy towering scenery (like an *Alpine set*)
Crowned with *neat piles* of radiant *satin-peel*?

Where the *inept seal* hunts his scaly feast,
The *silent ape* desports him in the trees,
Rapt I would roam, nor ever in the *least*
Pine by thy Jordan for my own *plain Tees*.

But now, *see pliant* bands surround my track,
Men grim to view, and more than half inclined
To take a *late snipe* at my transient back
Or push a *steel pin* deep in my behind.

So with a spirit free from all *lean spite*,
Heavy in heart I turn me to the West;
My billet here is now a *penal site*
And I am counted as an *alien pest*. M. H. L.

Likely Winners in Black Type

AS a close student of Association football and a voracious reader of newspapers I am astonished that you have had to wait so long for an article of this nature. Week after week our popular papers print their football forecasts and week by week they are hopelessly wrong. And yet, presumably, people go on reading them, studying them and even copying them when filling up their coupons.

Now, it is certainly not my intention to provide any assistance to the pools fans or pools promoters. I do not profess to understand the pools anyway. (All I know about them is that their coupons make the Government's efforts in bureaucracy look childishly inept.) No, I am merely trying to help the genuine football *lover* to understand the forces which affect his team's fortunes.

Football form has nothing whatever to do with the topics discussed so diligently by the sports columnists. Get those out of your head immediately. Football form is purely a matter of economics. In the twenty-eight years (1919-1946) covered by my researches the fortunes of the teams in the English League have fluctuated in perfect harmony with the industrial prosperity of their regions. Any competent statistician would have no difficulty at all in correlating the two factors. The coincidence of the curves (I have plotted them) is almost uncanny.

A glance at the League tables shows quite clearly that after an early post-war boom (1919-22) the North experienced a rapid decline, culminating in the coal strike of 1926. It follows of course that many clubs on Tyneside and Teeside, in Lancashire and Yorkshire, were relegated to make room in the higher divisions for clubs from the relatively prosperous Midlands and South.

The coal strike and the subsequent collapse of the export trade in anthracite is clearly revealed by the sorry records of the Welsh clubs. Cardiff City, relying on the steam coal of the Rhondda, slipped gradually from pre-eminence to insignificance.

Must I go on?

The Wall Street crash and the economic crisis of 1931 affected all League clubs adversely. But the "May" report and the rationalization programme in heavy engineering put the Arsenal club right in the limelight. Chronic unemployment in the North gave rise to a southerly migration of labour, and the metropolis, particularly

that part of it which houses the salaried and *rentier* classes, enjoyed a minor boom. Deflation had put more money into suburban pockets than ever before. The Arsenal's "amazing" success in the period 1931-39 merely reflects the fact that the employment rate for North London was 80, 55 and 36 per cent. better than the rates for Wales, the North, and the Midlands respectively.

I could go on like this for columns and provide you with the footballing consequences of every rise and fall in the stock markets. But you can do that for yourselves now. Let me add only this—that the strong efforts which have been made to resuscitate the so-called Development Areas, coupled with the drive for maximum output in coal and cotton, have given Northern and Welsh clubs a new lease of life. Last year, you will remember, Cardiff City, Burnley, Doncaster Rovers and Manchester City were all promoted. Brentford was among the clubs relegated.

Why, you ask, should industrial conditions have any effect on playing results? Well, I *could* show you, but the figures would make you giddy. Let me convert them into simple terms. The more prosperous an area the larger the "gates" of its football club. The larger a club's gates the greater its profits. The greater its profits the more star players it can buy.



"Now, sir—what did you have?"

Got it? Then again, since home teams, especially those playing before large crowds, always seem to win (they win 8.3 matches out of ten) it follows that the rich clubs have another enormous advantage.

So don't believe everything you read in the sports columns, please.

In conclusion, I append my forecasts of three matches to be played shortly—in case you would like to check up on my methods.

1. Blackpool v. Sunderland.

Should be a close game. The seashores had an excellent summer (record number of holiday-makers), so there should be plenty of money in Blackpool just now. On the other hand, there is bound to be some uncertainty about the effect of the petrol cut on next season's catering trade and this may make for caution. Sunderland is booming. Durham coking coal is being shipped in fine style. Ship-building activity is increasing. A Draw.

2. Birmingham v. Tottenham Hotspur.

The "Blues" have a terrific advantage here. Car factories are straining every fibre to win a higher steel allocation by stepping up exports. Very prosperous district. People are confident and will spend. Spurs are feeling the pinch. Fear of autumn Budget makes suburban support rather scrappy. Home Win.

3. Grimsby Town v. Derby County.

Grimsby is finding the fish trade rather difficult just now. Maximum prices do not always cover trawling costs. Gates below average. Reconstruction on the railways has put Derby's tail right up. Ancillary industries flourishing. Away Win.

These forecasts are not copyright, but readers who use them when filling up their coupons are reminded that ten per cent. of all winnings must be forwarded to this office not later than the first post on Wednesday morning.

HOD.

"For the eight-week period ending 8th November, 1947, and each subsequent eight-week period the quantities of bread unit foods obtained during the period, and in stock at the end of the period, will be shown on form E.G.C.3. The appropriate figures will be inserted in the column next to that headed 'BACON': (in some forms the column in question is headed 'FISH' on other forms it has no heading)."

Communication from the Ministry of Food.

May we write one in?

The Well

I HAVE just come to the end of a very bad three weeks listening to inane jokes from Frobisher over the garden fence, owing to our coalman absurdly shooting our meagre ration of coal into the dry disused well in our back garden instead of into the sort of monster dust-bin which serves us for a coal-cellar. Only a fool would have mistaken the well for a coal-hole, but when I called at the coal-office to complain and to demand that they should send a man round to get the coal out of the well they just laughed heartily and said that it was my own fault for not making it absolutely clear where the coal was to go.

Luckily the delivery consisted of only three hundredweights, and my first idea was to transfer it at once to our monster dust-bin. I reckoned that the job would take about an hour. We waited until dusk, and then Edith lowered me down the well on the end of a rope. It was just as my head was about to disappear that Frobisher looked over the fence.

"Why are you going down into the well?" he asked.

"To get coal," I said briefly. Frobisher said how lucky I was to have a coal-mine in the garden, and asked whether it was a rich seam. I explained what had happened, but he

pretended not to understand, and asked whether I had volunteered as a miner, or been directed by the Labour Exchange. Sick and tired of his badinage I signalled to Edith to lower away. It took me half an hour to fill a single bucket. Anybody who has ever tried to fill a bucket with coal at the bottom of a well will understand why. My feet and the bucket, between them, seemed to cover almost the whole area of the bottom of the well, which meant that to use my shovel effectively I had to stand on one leg. When I eventually emerged Frobisher was still looking over the fence.

"Finished your stint?" he asked. I told Edith that one bucket would have to suffice for the present and stalked haughtily into the house.

For the next three weeks my main object was to descend into the well when Frobisher was not about, but Frobisher is the sort of man who is always about. If I got up very early in the morning he would bustle down his garden in his dressing-gown and recite "Don't go down the mine, Daddy." If I emerged with the bucket rather less full than usual he would shake his head gloomily and say that if I could not do better than that the prospect of the Fuel Minister getting his 200,000,000 tons a year was very dim.

One day I did not go down the well at all, as we had been in London the previous afternoon and had not used up the coal I had obtained on the day before that. Before I could descend into the well Frobisher had given me a straight man-to-man talk on the subject of absenteeism.

"You miners are in the front line of Britain's fight for survival," he said severely. "You are getting good wages and extra rations, and yet you seem to think you are entitled to take a day's holiday whenever you feel like it."

I got the next load up at night, with the aid of a candle. A most uncomfortable business, but all in vain, because when I came up Frobisher was in attendance as usual, with a silly crack about staggered hours. I heaved a sigh of relief when the last knob of coal had been rescued from the well, and then had the thing boarded up to prevent further accidents.

It was Edith who remembered that Frobisher also had a well in his garden. Five shillings to Frobisher's coalman produced the desired result, and Edith and I were both on the spot this afternoon to witness his first descent. His language when Edith gave him a carrot to feed to his pit pony showed clearly, I think, that he has little sense of humour.

A Journalist Remembers.

XI

RYE before rhyme: meat before metre," said Mr. McGargle, editor of *The Plough*. "Do not, however, let us plant our feet too firmly in the mire. I am ready to confess that I view the Farming Press, in a measure, as a trumpet for the poet."

"It may certainly be so, and in any case I know that McGargle is the very man to blow it," I replied with a smile.

"Come, come, Monroe," said Mr. McGargle sharply, "pull yourself together! We are going to enter the lists for Wordsworth, man!"

I hastily assumed a serious expression.

"Where the printed word fails," went on Mr. McGargle, "the orator may succeed. Little Biddle Potato Week is upon us. On the first day, the afternoon is to be devoted to a lecture on potato scab. In the evening we are to hear about the Colorado beetle. Between the two there is an interval for refreshments. During this interval I shall launch my attack!"

"Excellent," I said heartily.

"It will consist of a lecture on the English Lake Poets."

"Magnificent!" I cried, my excitement mounting.

"You will deliver it."

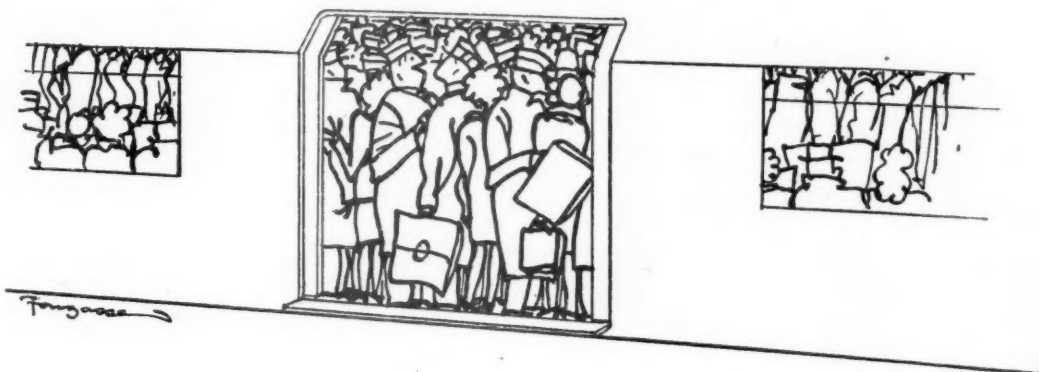
"Never, by Coke of Norfolk!" I ejaculated.

I should of course have known better. For the man who, almost overnight and in the teeth of stubborn opposition had turned *The Handywoman* into *The Plough*, it was the work of a mere five minutes to change my flat refusal into an enthusiastic acceptance. "Inflame them with quotations," said Mr. McGargle, "cow them with erudition, and finally convulse them with a joke."

At this time, far from ever having given a lecture, I had heard only two in the whole of my life. I had listened to a short account of the Rhode Island Red, and to a brilliant *tour de force* by "Earthy" Arthur Ebbitts on "The Pig." Ebbitts, I remembered, had roused immense enthusiasm with colourful descriptions of the Large

White Yorkshire and the Lincolnshire curly-coated. Would Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey serve me equally well? I remembered how he had lashed his audience to a frenzy with an emotional account of the pig's digestive troubles: how he had won a shout of approval when he gave the width across the back of the Lincolnshire curly-coated. Could I set my audience on fire with Wordsworth's diet chart or Coleridge's size in boots?

Ebbitts had used one trick of oratory which seemed to me brilliantly effective. Striking a dramatic attitude, he had shouted "Shall this noble beast go unsuccessored?" "No!" roared the crowd. It had been very impressive. Several times he had used the same device, but his questions were not always well framed. Thus, when he asked "Can the Large White Yorkshire be compared with the Lincolnshire curly-coated?" and "In some ways!" rumbled back from the crowd, the effect seemed to me spoiled. I determined



"Of course in nineteen-forty we stood alone . . ."

to fling questions at my audience, but to throw them into such a form as to permit of only one possible answer.

If I had misgivings as to the construction of my lecture, the thought of its delivery filled me with terror, and I lost no time in calling upon Mrs. McQuhattie, who wrote our "Heard in the Cowshed" column, in the hope that she might have some helpful advice to give me.

"Forceful action," Mrs. McQuhattie said, "is often paralysed by the apprehensions of the conscious mind. In sleep, when these fears are lulled, men have been known to work out mathematical problems, turn somersaults, and the like."

"If it could be arranged," I said drily, "that I should give my lecture in a state of coma, I could no doubt turn somersaults with the best, though I have no reason to believe that any such feats are expected of me."

"I suggest," continued Mrs. McQuhattie, smiling at my irritability, "that during the days preceding the lecture you should endeavour to establish a mental ascendancy over your audience. Relax completely, every few hours, and conjure up an imaginative picture of the people you expect to address, murmuring as you do so, in a soothing monotone, 'What a contemptible-looking set of oafs!' When the time comes you will mount the platform with serene self-assurance."

I must confess that I had no very great hopes of the success of Mrs. McQuhattie's plan, but I decided to give it a trial. An unfortunate misunderstanding arose when I began to practise the method in the reporters' room, but I persevered, and it was not

long before I began to experience a change in my attitude towards the approaching lecture. Day by day my confidence increased, and when at last I stood in Little Biddle village hall, awaiting my turn to speak, all my misgivings were gone and I was convinced that I should score a resounding personal triumph.

The speaker on potato scab, his face flushed and his hands full of diseased potatoes with which he had been illustrating his remarks, left the platform to a roar of applause. Afire to begin, I could hardly wait while he negotiated the narrow, ladder-like staircase, and finally pushed him roughly to one side, scattering potatoes in all directions. In another moment I had faced my audience. The chairman was mumbling some introduction, but I silenced him with an imperious wave of the hand, drew myself up to my full height, and exclaimed "The English Lake Poets!" There was a dead silence, broken only by the tinkling of tea-cups.

"At the door of a Lakeland cottage," I began, "an elderly man is standing. As we approach he puts aside a dandelion which he has been examining, produces a small sheet of notepaper and scans it attentively. What can be written there? Let us look over his shoulder."

Absorbed in my subject, I was throwing myself into a peering attitude, when I was interrupted by a muffled ejaculation. I looked down and saw a stout and ruddy-faced farmer, a huge fragment of cake in his hand. "I beg your pardon?" I said contemptuously. "Speak up!" he exclaimed. I reassumed my peering attitude. "Let us look over his shoulder," I repeated loudly. Unfortunately the interruption

had driven the next part of my lecture from my head. I had intended to give a specimen of Wordsworth's diet-chart—"A lightly-boiled egg, a piece of butter the size of a nut, half a banana—" and so on, and with a hint at the poet's digestive troubles to win a torrent of sympathetic applause. However, though my memory proved false, my self-possession remained. "We cannot make out a word," I continued. "Most of the hasty notes made by Wordsworth—for it is he—were completely illegible." From this I swung smoothly into a description of the measures taken by Wordsworth to ward off colds in the head. I was speaking confidently and well, but I could not help noticing that the tinkling of the tea-cups had become louder, and that my remarks were being drowned by an ever-increasing hum of conversation. I gathered my forces for a great effort, made a dramatic gesture and raised my voice to a shout. "Shall we cast Wordsworth aside like a diseased potato?" I cried. To my consternation my audience made no reply, though I gave them every chance by repeating my question several times. Finally I was forced to answer it myself, which I did with a decided "No!" adding, in an attempt to carry the thing off, "Certainly not!"

It was now clear to me that my efforts were being made in vain. I brought my remarks to a hasty conclusion, and announced that I should be glad to answer any questions. An old woman arose tremulously from her seat at a table in the centre of the hall. "Will you have tea or coffee?" she asked. "Neither," I replied contemptuously, and left the platform without more ado.

Character Again



"Naturally, sir, the ban on foreign travel except for business enables us to give you much better service."

The Rejected Sacrifice

BEFORE the terrible tower I sang a terrible song
Five thousand seven hundred and forty verses long,
And the rhymes were imperfect and the metre was
all wrong.

In his dark cellar the insatiate giant
Rose from devouring a satisfied client
And came to behold me, the singer, the defiant.

Who are you? he shouted. Who are you, my friend?
What is your Journey and what do you intend,
And what is this foul song that has never an end?

Ho, ogre, I hailed him, Ho, ho, avault,
Here standeth one whom thou shalt never daunt,
And I warn thee there is still a great deal more of this
chaunt.

And he replied, breaking a bone idly between his teeth,
I have no appetite for you, standing thinly beneath;
And all my customers must bring their own wreath.

On your scant meat I have no wish to dine;
The whole world is pasture for my fatted kine;
Your flesh is not my meat, nor your blood my wine.

So I sang on till my last stanza was done,
And in salute that ogre fired his parting gun,
And I rode on towards the setting sun.

IT being well known that character and voice are closely connected—no horse in a milk-cart, for example, has ever neighed suddenly without giving a quite frightening impression of energy subdued to a good cause—I should like to say something about the sort of character which consists entirely of voice; I mean the people who speak on the wireless. But first I want to go back a few lines and point out that if ever an unnecessary word got into print it was that word "suddenly." No horse has yet neighed anything but suddenly. The horse is the opposite of the cow, whose moo is nothing more than a loud way of going on breathing.

Returning to the subject of wireless voices, I must admit that they do sometimes get pictures of their surrounding faces in the *Radio Times*, but pictures of voices, especially if not seen until afterwards, tend to spoil preconceived notions and may be ignored. What counts is the impression of the speaker at the time of speaking, and the first thing the public notices about a talk-giver's voice is that it is not quite normal; in other words, it differs from the announcer's. Its comparative highness, lowness, doughiness or bristliness will, however, be excused as the sort of voice belonging to the sort of person who knows enough about Saxon pottery or happiness to be speaking on the wireless, and anyway by the end of its talk it will be an ordinary voice than which the ensuing announcer's is surprisingly less high, low, doughy or bristly. Any effort of the public's during a talk to fit a person on to a voice will be more of an exercise in imagination than a spontaneous assessment of character. The public, which has been telephoning even longer than it has been listening to the wireless, is perfectly capable of summing up a disembodied voice as fat or thin, dark or fair; and on the rare occasions when one of its friends broadcasts, its chief reaction, when the fuss round the set has died down, is the realization that even people you know can sound like wireless voices.

ANNOUNCERS have a special place in the public's favour, though if it were asked to describe the character of a typical wireless announcer it would not get further than a dinner-jacket—though it does not so much think of announcers as wearing dinner-jackets nowadays as imagine them to be the last people to give them up—and a kind nature. This kindness is the result of the public having noticed, over long years of listening, that announcers are keen on absolutely every department of life. (My readers will not have forgotten the Fat Stock Prices, even if they cannot remember a thing about them.) This has led the good, simple public to believe that announcers would sympathize even in its own little troubles, even perhaps in the way other people won't hang up the bath-mat. Announcers' dinner-jackets are, or were, a well-publicized fact, but it is just the sort of attitude that you would expect of people whose pronunciation is so correct as to produce angry letters in the papers.

The only other wireless voices I want to mention are broadcasters speaking from America and singers. Radio singers are, frankly, more musical instruments than people. Their audience cannot even wonder if when they lean on the piano they can feel it buzzing, because it doesn't know if they are leaning on the piano. As for the broadcasters from America, whatever impression they give is overlaid with the ruggedness that comes from having to make themselves heard through the noise of the sea.

NOW for character in literature. My readers must have noticed that some people in books are nicer than others, some talk more, some have more trouble with life, some are



IN common with other periodicals *Punch* has suffered a ten per cent. cut in its paper ration from November 1st. Faced with the alternatives of depriving some regular readers of their copies or slightly reducing the Editorial and Advertisement pages every week, we have chosen the latter, to ensure that all our present readers will still receive their *Punch*.

given funnier bits to say and so on. This is known as character-drawing, and the point about character-drawing is for an author to decide what each person in a book will be like and to stick to the idea throughout. That on the whole each person in even the largest book does behave like the same person right through the book is, when you think of it, a remarkable effort, even more remarkable than the fact that no face in a cake-queue is the same as any other face; because, as the cake-queue itself would tell you, the people in it were not made specially to go and stand all together in a cake-queue, though it may seem like it at the time. Indeed, nothing would make a cake-queue angrier than the suggestion that it is an entity in itself instead of a chance wedge made up of unique personalities each of whom is there for no other reason than needing cake at the time, but each of whom is the only person to whom this description applies. I admit that this has nothing to do with character-drawing, but it is rather interesting.

One of the most frequent attributes of the characters we find in books is a tendency not to sort out difficulties until the last few pages. Statisticians aver that if all the people in books took the unspoken advice of all the people reading them, many a novel would fold up at the thirtieth page and make a poor showing in a bookshop. They add that if all these readers giving unspoken advice were themselves in books instead of sitting smugly outside they wouldn't look so clever either. However, to cheer my readers up after this sobering thought, I should like to tell them that they would be much cleverer than most novel-characters at recognizing an obvious villain, especially if they could get someone unsympathetic to describe him before he appears.

THOSE of my readers who have sometimes wondered if a play wouldn't be easier to write than a book because of its being so much shorter and the audience not being likely to confuse one character with another owing to everyone looking different—such readers are probably quite right to decide that they don't think they will write a play after all because of the impossibility of starting. But I don't want to depress anyone who has got as far as buying a red and black typing ribbon to do the stage directions justice. All I want to say about the stage aspect of character concerns two minor if frequent personalities of the average drama. One is the servant you see moving round a stage drawing-room when the curtain goes up. These servants are ostentatiously tidying, but, as everyone knows, they are

really there to answer what telephones or door-bells are waiting to ring. (Cynics who ask how they know a telephone or door-bell is likely to ring at that particular moment should remember that it rang at that moment the night before.) I don't know if it has been pointed out how automatically interesting these stage servants are to the audience because, being the first on the stage, they get the full impact of the audience's state of mind and look more made-up and theatrical than anyone else is going to for the rest of the evening.

The other well-known stage type I want to mention is the friend who spends much time to one side of the stage, often eating quite a lot of bread-and-butter (by a lot I mean two pieces) and drinking nothing out of shallow tea-cups. This sort of person does not happen to nearly the same extent in real life, where you cannot so easily keep visitors to one side of a room, but at least is more frequent than someone paid to shake up the cushions of an already wonderful tidy room.

School War Memorial

I CANNOT recall even his face now
Out of the years of faces I have known,
And it is useless to seek any longer
His height or gait or the colour of his eyes
To coax my memory; only his name's familiar,
His fate anonymous, as let his courage be.

His thousands fell at Alamein,
And there he lies now, where the desert blows
Its sand across his grave;
And close at hand the blue seas smile,
But not for him.



"Heathrow—and drive like mad!"



"They say there are plenty of potatoes really, but they were running short of things to queue up for."

Donkeys' Delight

TEN mortal months I courted
A girl with bright hair,
Unswerving in my service
As the old lovers were;
Almost she had learned to call me
Her dear love—and then
One moment changed the omens,
She was cold again,
For carelessly, unfairly,
With one glance of his eyes,
A gay, light-hearted sailor
Bore away the prize—
Unbought—which I had sought with
Many sonnets and sighs.

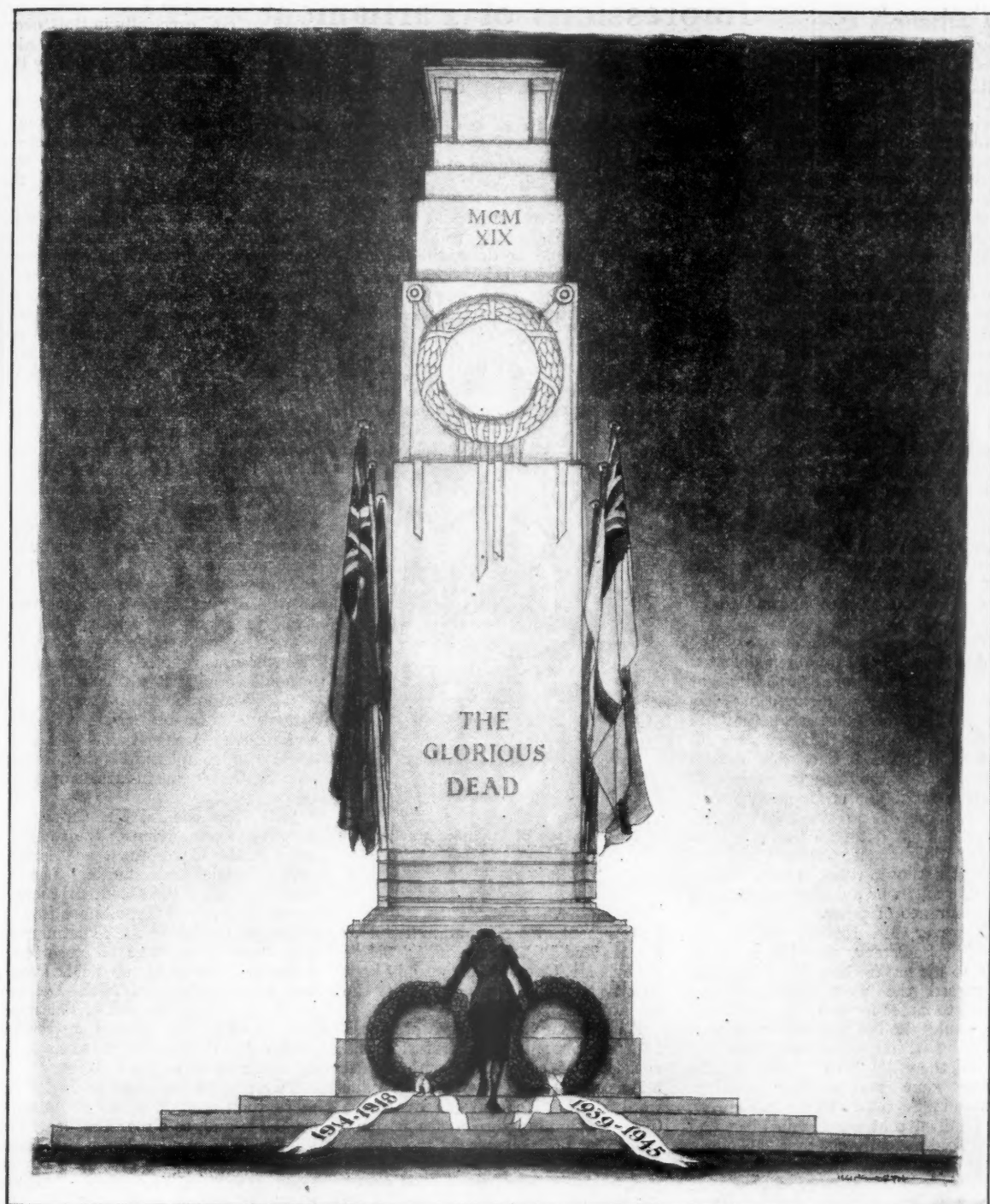
In stern desire I turned to
The Muses' service then
To seek how the unspeakable
Could be fixed by a pen,
Not to shrink though the ink that
I must use, they said,
Was my dearest blood, the nearest
To my heart, the ripe-red.

I obeyed them, I made them
Many a costly lay,
Till carelessly, unfairly
A lad passed that way
Who set ringing with his singing
All the woods and the lanes;
They gave him their favour,
Lost were all my pains.

I passed then to a Master
Of a higher repute,
Trusting to find justice
At the world's root;
With rigid fast and vigil,
Silence and shirt of hair,
The narrow way to Paradise
I trod with care;
But carelessly, unfairly,
At the eleventh hour there came,
Recklessly and fecklessly
Without a single claim,

A ne'er-do-well, a dare-devil
Who smelled of shag and gin;
Before me (and much warmer
Was his welcome) he went in.

I stood still then in the chill
Of the great Morning,
Aghast, until at last
(Oh, I was late learning!)
I repented, I entered
Into the excellent joke,
The absurdity; and my burden
Rolled off as I broke
Into laughter—shortly after
I had found my level;
With Balaam's ass daily
Out at grass I revel,
Now playing, now braying
Over the fields of light
Our soaring, creaking *Gloria*,
Our donkeys' delight. N. W.



FOR TWO WARS

[With rapidly increasing calls for help from ex-service men and women of the 1939-45 war, the British Legion is dispensing over £1,000,000 in the current twelve months. Welfare expenditure is outstripping Poppy Day income for the first time in the history of Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal. Please give all you can during this Remembrance Week.]

MONDAY, October 27th.

—The first Question-hour of the new session provided little excitement, and hardly any of the newly-appointed or re-shuffled Ministers went into action. Chivalry would in any case have prevented the baiting of the new ones—although this does not extend to the re-shuffled. Still, there is a long way to go yet.

As soon as questions were over, Mr. KEELING, from the Conservative benches, in the most solemn manner, announced that he had been in Bulgaria at the same time as Mr. JOHN MACK, a Labour Member who had declared with pride the week before that he had been cheered everywhere he went in Bulgaria's capital.

"True," said Mr. KEELING, "but the cheers were led by a claue provided by the Bulgarian Government which followed the honourable Member about."

Mr. MACK's Party colleagues (who rather relish debunking, neatly done) were vastly amused. Mr. MACK was not present, although Mr. KEELING had given him notice he was to be mentioned.

This lighter interlude over, the House went on to talk about defeated Germany. There were complaints that the Allied policy of dismantling Germany's factories must mean that her chances of economic recovery were nil. Others contended that this drastic action was the only way to ensure that another war Made in Germany would not be inflicted on a war-weary world. Some pointed out that Germany was not the only menace to peace, and that a great nation in ruins in the midst of Europe might be a danger rather than an insurance of peace.

However, Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, showing a tough side to his nature he seldom exhibits, expressed the view that Germany ought to suffer for her sins—although he would do his best to keep that suffering within reasonable bounds.

And then Mr. "JIM" THOMAS, who spent some part of the war as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, complained that the Home Fleet had been so drastically cut by the Government that it was rather worse than useless as a weapon of defence. It was a well-marshalled and skilfully-presented case, and the Government looked uncomfortable.

But Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, Minister of Defence, got up and, squaring his chin, retorted that even a much-reduced British Navy was capable of

Impressions of Parliament**Business Done:**

Monday, October 27th.—House of Commons: Victory—and Defence.

Tuesday, October 28th.—House of Commons: Attack—and Defence.

Wednesday, October 29th.—House of Commons: Decision.

Thursday, October 30th.—House of Commons: Retribution.

ruling the waves, according to tradition, and that, in any case, it was the best that could be done, the state of the national till being what it was and is.

And there the matter was left—*pro tem*.

TUESDAY, October 28th.—Mr. CHURCHILL went into action to-day, moving an amendment to the Address of Thanks for the King's Speech. The amendment roundly criticized the

that the watch would not go," especially in the "ever-darkening abyss"—also courteously provided by the Government.

Much of what the Government planned to do was a "sop in the political stew-pan," and the nation was being "strangled by the folly of Ministers."

But these various metaphors were spread over a speech that was telling and eloquent, and which lasted for more than an hour and a half. There were fiery passages—as when he spoke of the reported bargain inside the Cabinet under which the nationalization of the steel industry was temporarily shelved in return for an immediate attack on the House of Lords.

"This," said Mr. CHURCHILL, in his best form, "is a cheap, paltry, disreputable deal between jarring nonentities in a divided administration!"

Tuscany joined The Rest in nearly roaring its head off in appreciation of this Churchillian thrust. And the whole House, galleries included, shouted with laughter when Mr. CHURCHILL solemnly quoted a speech by Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, the new Minister of Fuel, in which he advocated fewer baths, to save fuel. "Personally," the Minister was quoted as saying, "I never have a great many baths."

His voice lowered impressively, Mr. CHURCHILL turned towards Mr. Speaker and exclaimed that the Government could not complain, in the circumstances, that it was in increasingly bad odour.

Still very solemn, Mr. CHURCHILL sought the permission of the Chair to refer to the Government as "lousy"—on the strict understanding that the word was not used contemptuously but as a matter of factual narration.

But on the whole the indictment of the Government was a stern one: failure in the economic field, failure over India, the cutting of the Defence forces, failure to get out of Palestine. And, finally, unprovoked aggression against the House of Lords to cover up domestic strife in the Cabinet.

To a roar of cheering that lasted for more than a minute Mr. CHURCHILL sat down and, to a roar that lasted at least as long, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON got up. The Lord President of the Council was at his debating best—which is saying a whole lot. His repartee flashed out at Mr. CHURCHILL and anyone else who interrupted—and the majority of the Opposition Members did that, at one time or other. He said Mr. CHURCHILL's speech was "dreadfully reactionary."

**Impressions of Parliamentarians**

19. Mr. R. Stokes (Ipswich)

Government for its administrative failures and its lack of a constructive policy. Mr. CHURCHILL certainly kept strictly to the letter and spirit of the amendment.

He also employed figures of speech and metaphors in such profusion and variety that soon the House looked like a coupon-free Government-surplus word store. He said Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS's summing-up of the nation's economic position was "the steam from the boiling kettle"—and "the part of the iceberg that showed above the water." Also that Sir STAFFORD had "invited the nation to enter a dark and narrowing tunnel, with no assurance that there would be daylight at the end."

Further, that the Government "had broken the mainspring with the result



"The lions won, four-one!"

The idea of clipping the wings of their Lordships was not a new or sudden one. Anyway, the new Parliament Bill was one to *avoid* a Constitutional crisis, not to precipitate it.

As for the other charges—well, the Labour Government was doing at least as well as any other Government would have done in the same set of intractable and unattractive circumstances. Perhaps better. Yes, certainly better.

WEDNESDAY, October 29th.—When the debate was resumed Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN bore the cudgels for the Opposition. He made great play with quotations from optimistic speeches of Ministers—a standard practice in nearly every debate these days.

Lady MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, from the Liberal benches, stirred memories of battles long ago by supporting the Government (with her usual eloquence) in its determination to reform the House of Lords, and then Mr. OLIVER LYTTLETON wound up for the Tories.

Mr. ATTLEE, who had been doodling furiously, jumped up and made a rattling good fighting reply. Mr. CHURCHILL, said he, always took his point of view as being that of the whole nation, never that of a Party. And a "partisan" policy was simply one with

which Mr. CHURCHILL disagreed. Mr. CHURCHILL had given more time to his phraseology than to the contents of his speech. All this whipped the P.M.'s followers up to a pitch of excitement, and they cheered loud and long as they trooped into the division lobbies.

Nobody was really surprised when the result—for the Opposition "censure" motion: 201, against, 348—was announced. The Address of Thanks to THE KING was then approved. The flames having been successfully put out, the House went on, in perfect safety, to talk about petrol—"Basic" and all that. It wasn't exciting until the voting stage was reached. Then, a number of normal supporters of the Government would not vote for the retention of the "basic" cut, and the Government (normal majority in the 200's) scraped home with a majority of 27. Then the excitement was intense. From the expression on the face of Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, somebody, somewhere, would be hearing something on the subject of maintaining majorities.

THURSDAY, October 30th.—The House of Commons was distressed by the grim duty which fell to it to-day

—of passing judgment on two of its Members who had been found guilty by the Committee of Privileges of dishonourable conduct. Mr. GARRY ALLIGHAN, Labour Member for Gravesend, had been found guilty of corruptly receiving payments for giving Party secrets to a newspaper, and the Committee ruled that he had tried to cast suspicion on others. Mr. EVELYN WALKDEN, Labour Member for Doncaster, had been judged to have given secrets to another newspaper for money. And the editor of a trade newspaper which had published an article by Mr. ALLIGHAN casting aspersions on M.P.s was also judged guilty of contempt.

The editor attended at the Bar and was reprimanded by Mr. Speaker, who, obeying tradition, put on his big three-cornered hat for the first time in his official life when administering the rebuke.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, as Leader of the House, moved that Mr. ALLIGHAN be suspended for six months without pay, but the majority of the House voted for his expulsion, and Mr. ALLIGHAN ceased to be an M.P.

Mr. WALKDEN, standing in his place, was reprimanded by Mr. Speaker. Distressed by the whole business, the House turned from it with a sigh.



"Holiday? No—but fortunately our kitchen sink faces south."

The Cosmic Mess

ACROSS the Atlantic, bless them, they are still publishing books, this column observes, which show conclusively that *Monty Lost the War*. This column has read only one of these works and does not intend to read any more. And the other night, it gathered, seeing what happened when the well-known Field-Marshal made a private visit to a London theatre, that the British people, likewise, do not think much of these books. As he walked down to his seat in the stalls, unannounced and unexpected, all those already in their seats spontaneously applauded, and many stood up to see. In the interval they clapped again and at the end there was an extraordinary scene.

As a rule the audience swarms at once into all the gangways, eager for the last train or first taxi. This night all

the stalls stood in their places and waited, as we wait for the bridal procession to come down the "nave". At last, getting the idea, the Field-Marshal and his A.D.C. walked, rather shyly, up the "nave" alone, applauded by all and patted on the back by those near enough to do it. Outside the rest of the audience seemed to be assembled round the car, and there was a "royal" send-off. Remembering how short the memories of the British people are said to be, this column observed all this with pleasure.

As for the books, this column read one very carefully and made notes about it. It can find neither the book nor the notes, but it remembers quite enough. It remembers, for example, the passage in which the author (himself a soldier, or, at least, in uniform, during the war) asserts that

the Field-Marshal is a small vain man and has special padding in his boots to make himself look taller! This column can now reveal that there is no truth in this chivalrous piece of Allied "intelligence".

But this column can remember more important pieces. There was, for example, the sensational story about the "Falaise Gap". You remember about the Falaise Gap—or don't you? The retreating Germans were being squeezed into, and out of, a "pocket", and the burning questions for many days were: how many, or how few, of them would get away through the gap in the Eastern wall of the pocket; and how could the "gap" be closed?

The author of the book which this column has in mind had a story about that. The story was that some officer in the American forces—an engineer,

a doctor, a lawyer? this column forgets and it does not matter—had a brilliant idea. There were some British “airborne” troops in Scotland, unemployed. It was difficult to get enough land-borne troops to the gap, and might be impossible. Why not drop the airborne troops East of the Falaise “gap”, and cut off the Germans in *that way*? Well, the story went, the suggestion found favour, at least, among the wise American soldiers. It went up to the top American general and was by him at once passed across to the Field-Marshal’s staff. The Field-Marshal’s Chief of Staff was keen about it too, and was seen walking eagerly to “the Chief’s” caravan. Presently the Chief of Staff emerged, disconsolate: the Field-Marshal would have nothing to do with it. And so, of course, many thousands of Germans got away.

Now (told in this column’s own little words) this is just one of the many stories which illustrate the Field-Marshal’s stubborn incompetence and incurable antipathy to other men’s, especially Americans’, ideas. As a rule, it is impossible for the reader to test the truth of these stories, except by the general reflection that this bungling and obstinate commander did, after all, win one or two battles. But, by chance, this humble column can test this particular story rather more severely. For this column had the honour to visit the Field-Marshal for two nights in Normandy; and the first night happened to be the night of the day when the whole affair of the Pocket and the Gap began, the first night that Falaise got into the news. (This column remembers saying “Falaise”? “Falaise”? I seem to remember that name”. But neither of us (shame!) could remember then that it had something to do with William the Conqueror. Nor, it will bet a bag of beans, could you).

“TAC” (or “Tactical”) H.Q. were in the charming Bois de Cérisy, a wood which Barrie would have put into *Peter Pan* if he could have seen it. The August sun streamed down through enormous trees on to the little circle of caravans. A tame rabbit followed the batmen about among the luxuriant ferns. Four absurd dogs gambolled and quarrelled on the camouflage netting. The song of canaries came from the “Chief’s” caravan. An idyllic scene for the conduct of a Continental invasion. And this column, fresh—or rather, not fresh—from London and the doodlebugs, had the first good night it had had for weeks.

After the nine o’clock news “the boys”—the Liaison Officers—were summoned in turn to the map-caravan

to say what they knew. These young staff officers—British, American, Australian, Canadian and so on—had a strenuous and unsafe job. Every day they travelled out to some sector of the front and came back in the evening, if they could, with first-hand news of what was going on. Thus, when the last boy, kneeling before the map on the wall, had told his story, the commander had his finger, more or less, on all the pulses.

Then he said: “Now come and look at *this map*”. “This” was a smaller-scale map “where you can see the big picture”. Knowing this column to be the Ace of Discretion the Field-Marshal then told it, very quietly, both what had happened, and *what was going to happen*, in that great and decisive battle: how the Canadians were working down from the North, how “a strong column” (the Americans) had been ordered to work North through Argentan and Alençon, and provide the southern arm of the pincers: how the Falaise Road was being “dominated by shell-fire” that night, for the first time. And all, as we know, fell out as he foretold, with one important exception.

“Finally,” he said (and this column can see his fingers on the map now), “I drop my air-borne troops *here*”. “*Here*” was the country just east of what, later, became the “gap”. And the words with which the discussion closed are memorable too. Not, as some commentators might expect, “We’ve got ‘em in the bag!” or anything of that kind: but, very quiet, “It will be very interesting to see the outcome”. It was.



“Well, of all the canting, hypocritical, pharisaical, tartuffish, Machiavellian, double-tongued, two-faced...”

Well, this column’s little eyes, as you may imagine, goggled at all this. It went back to England, hugging its secrets, and never said a word to anyone. But every hour it expected eagerly to hear or read that the airborne troops had descended and closed the gap. It never did. That never happened; and it would be improper for this column to ask why. The troops may have been reserved for other things by higher commanders: the ground, the conditions, may have been too difficult. It does not matter. The point of this narrative is to expose the boshiness of the bosh in the American author’s book. Maybe some clever American doctor or lawyer had had the Airborne—Close the Gap—Idea first; though, if he did, he was clever indeed, for on that day the “gap” did not yet exist, except in imagination. What is certain is that the story of the Field-Marshal rejecting the scheme is bosh and super-bosh—top-bosh. It was his intention, or hope, that historic evening, to do that very thing.

There are other stories in the same work which collapse at once if anyone is about who happens to know. There was the story that the British War Office “turned down” a certain type of amphibious tank, “the invention of a British officer”. He took it to the clever Americans, who, of course, took it up at once.

Well, the invention, in fact, was not a British officer’s but some Continental ally’s. The British War Office “took it up” at once, and it was in production many months before the Americans heard of it. But we could not produce enough. The Americans began to produce it, and, of course, did magnificently. But that, again, is rather a different story.

And so, for all one knows, would many other of these tales, big and little, collapse if anyone was about who happened to *know*. Let that thought be ever in our minds, brothers, as we read these books—if we must.

But must we? The Field-Marshal has published his own book: so has his Chief of Staff. Let no one read the American diatribes unless he has read those too. And though, of course, we want no censorship and all that, we might perhaps give a moral black mark to British publishers who spend dollars on the diatribes. A. P. H.

“Sixty Thousand Handbills are being distributed in Lewisham as part of the borough’s waste paper salvage campaign.”
“Paper Trade Review.”

Something to start with?

I HAVE always felt that the little people of Ireland stood in need of a strong union to keep an eye on their performing rights. In their time they have found themselves in some queer jams for the pleasure of artists and writers, but for sheer box-office trolleery *Finian's Rainbow* at the Palace takes a lot of beating. Having borrowed the powers of magic, however, mating in most unexpected partnership the economics of the fairy bog with the gilded absurdity of Fort Knox, it admittedly employs them with very mild invention, merely enriching a few tobacco-pickers and turning an anti-negro Senator coal-black. It lacks the perfect integration of the best of the muscularly delivered musicals which now seem to be our only remaining import from America, the singing is patchier, and where the sure tricks of out-and-out Irishry might have been scored the accents are watered or synthetic. Yet it can boast certain definite attractions. Lyrics are well above the average and are coupled with tunes which should take the public fancy, while the chorus is nimble in the quaint dances and quick in the tactical changes at which Americans excel. Also, *Finian* himself is rather an engaging person. This shabby philosopher, who steals a crock of gold to replant it in more fertile soil on the other side of the Atlantic, is played by Mr. PATRICK J. KELLY with the gentle, unassuming melancholy of one who has long poured out his wisdom over pint pots in Dublin pubs, and as a relief from the bright, professional attack this is refreshing. Neither in brogue nor voice is Miss BERYL SETON up to the demands of being *Finian's* daughter, but she has distinct romantic appeal. Mr. ALFIE BASS deals successfully along frankly pantomime lines with the leprechaun assigned from Ireland to take charge of the crime, Mr. ALAN GILBERT sings tremendously, Miss BERYL KAYE's solo dancing is the dominant colour in the whole prism, and as the brutal *Senator* turned black without and white within Mr. FRANK ROYDE amply justifies his

At the Play

Finian's Rainbow (PALACE)—*All Over the Town* (PLAYHOUSE)—*Starlight Roof* (HIPPODROME)

election. Mr. E. Y. HARBURG and Mr. FRED SAIDY wrote the show and Mr. BURTON LANE the music. One of the rewards of this curious evening was the phrase "Passion Pilgrim Gospels," which should help to mark the Ink-spots indelibly in my memory.

The reporter on a tottering local paper who sets his handsome face

water, and so does Mr. DELDERFIELD, who is driven in the effort to be dramatic to describe events which are less and less convincing. In short, this is one of those plays with merits in detail which fail to add up to a satisfactory sum. Miscast as the temporary reporter, it is not Miss ROSALYN BOULTER's fault that her crisp performance is out of step with the play; in which the most endearing character is Mr. ALEC FINTER's modestly enthusiastic undertaker, a man who earns the right, if any ever earned it, to wear a top hat.

Starlight Roof at the Hippodrome put me in mind of the latest American motor-cars which blocked the street outside: it is smooth, glittering, expertly engineered, low, cunningly designed to match the common taste of the greatest possible public, and correspondingly indistinguishable from similar vehicles of different make. The revue hinges to a large extent on the urbane personality of Mr. VIC OLIVER, who is compe, prime entertainer and nursemaid in one; without him it would be mighty slow going. In such items as the theatre quiz, in which he invites guesses at the titles of plays briefly acted on the stage and is peppered with unlikely suggestions, he shows a master's touch at reducing a large audience to family proportions; and it was a good idea to get hold of an early silent film about a heroic telephonist and let him give the commentary. Apart from him the stars are Miss PAT KIRKWOOD, who sings very competently several very silly songs, and Mr. FRED EMNEY, who is funny but would presumably be funnier if he were given something to be funny about. More diverting are a young American called Mr. WALLY BOAG with an entrancing gift for turning rubber balloons into odd animals; Mr. MICHAEL BENTINE, whose burlesque appeal for funds is most originally reinforced with a fragment of old chair; and also an anonymous little girl who combines a professional voice and an unspoilt nursery manner. But should she, I wonder? Mr. ROBERT NESBITT produced. ERIC.



[*Finian's Rainbow*]

UNION ORGANIZER ORGANIZES UNION.

Sharon McLonergan	MISS BERYL SETON
Og	MR. ALFIE BASS
Woody Mahoney	MR. ALAN GILBERT
Finian McLonergan	MR. PATRICK J. KELLY

against municipal corruption should make a light straight play, but Mr. R. F. DELDERFIELD, who knew what he was about in *Worm's Eye View*, is uncertain in his handling of *All Over the Town* at the Playhouse. *Nat* himself, vigorously taken by Mr. PETER NEIL, is a likeable fellow and rings true, and the frolic citizens of Sandcombe are pretty well sketched, but the owners of its mouthpiece are caricatures, and the attractive blonde who has drifted into the office during the war is far too sophisticated to be found in such a gallery. As his campaign develops *Nat* quickly gets into deep

Scottish Art in London

THE first exhibition of contemporary Scottish painting ever to be held in London is on view at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, until November 8th. Close on eighty oils, water-colours and sculptures have been arranged in one large room by the Society of Scottish Artists, which thus emerges from its headquarters in Edinburgh for the first time in its history of more than half a century.

Like its opposite number the New English Art Club, which is holding its exhibition in the adjoining rooms, the S.S.A. was founded (in 1891) by a group of young artists as a counterblast to their Academy. For many years its members were drawn almost exclusively from South-east Scotland, but to-day its influence extends over the whole country—though the large colony of Edinburgh artists, and such gifted members of the Glasgow School as John Miller, Ian Fleming, and the Armours are undoubtedly the main strength of the Society.

As is the way of rebel societies, the S.S.A. is beginning to lose its identity. While it remains faithful to its policy of encouraging youth and experiment (no member has a prescriptive right to space in the exhibition, and every work is judged on its merits), the Society has moved right in recent years to the extent of borrowing its rival's galleries in Princes Street, and allowing a number of its prominent members to join the Academic body.

A result of this tendency we may observe in R. H. Westwater's two portraits in this exhibition, which might have hung with perfect propriety in Burlington House this summer. Now I should be the last to disparage the qualities of two finely painted studies of character merely because they are in a style hallowed by long tradition. But the true function of art, surely, is not to state a fact, however eloquently, but to communicate an emotion. The paintings of Cadell, Peploe, and J. D. Fergusson (to name three memorable Scottish artists of our time) are not transcripts, but revelations. There are not many revelations in this exhibition; but

MacTaggart's powerfully imaginative "Glimpse of the Forth," Ian Fleming's water-colour "Aftermath, the Rhine"—akin to Paul Nash in feeling—and Kathleen Horsman's soaring "Edinburgh Tenements" are works of original vision which convey the excitement of personal discoveries.

A gay palette and rhythmic pattern are, I think, the salient characteristics of contemporary Scottish painting, and they account for the lively impression of the show as a whole. Among the more exhilarating pictures I would single out D. M. Sutherland's sparkling "Plockton Regatta," Elder Dickson's "Balquhider, Perthshire," and Mary Armour's little landscape—a charming, if unconscious, tribute to the younger Pissarro.

It is a pity that there was no space for more exhibits, for the impressive work of sculptors like Pilkington-Jackson cannot fairly be judged by one or two carvings. Next year London should offer the Society rooms for a display as comprehensive as their great Edinburgh Jubilee Exhibition in 1944, and then—"Will ye no' come back again?" N. A. D. W.



"Wot I says is—nashnerlize everythink, and take it out o' the 'ands o' the ruddy Government."



"By the way, Hawksmoor, you'd better bring up another scuttle of the Bituminous, nineteen-thirty-eight."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Eric Linklater's Essays

MR. ERIC LINKLATER has always interposed a borrowed style between himself and his readers, and it is therefore hard to divine what he really thinks and feels. Ten or twelve years ago he wrote a tumultuous neo-Elizabethan prose, which may have been designed to indicate an overpowering appetite for life. Nowadays his style is that of an older R. L. Stevenson, chastened but not intimidated by the troubles of our times, and with still unexhausted reserves of courage and gaiety. His studious simplicity is evident in his titles for the sections into which *The Art of Adventure* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) is divided. The first section, "Some People," contains his impressions of General Alexander, James Bridie, Evelyn Waugh and others. The second section, "Some Older People," is chiefly concerned with Robert Burns and Jean Armour. The third section, "Some Episodes," is autobiographical and affords the reader glimpses of Mr. LINKLATER on his various war-time missions, submarine-hunting in a corvette, visiting Gibraltar, and accompanying our forces in Italy. There is much of interest in all three sections, but it is seldom that Mr. LINKLATER can refrain from embellishing his narrative with touches less winning than he presumably supposes. He relates, for example, how he and some others came upon Botticelli's *Primavera* in northern Italy, where it had been taken by the Germans, and then pictures himself stealing back to the *Primavera*, and standing tiptoe to kiss "the pregnant Venus, the Flowery Girl, and the loveliest of the Graces: her on the right."

H. K.

Quality to Quantity

Craftsmanship blesses him that gives and him that takes. Mechanical production reserves its dubious benediction for

the customer. Mr. JOHN GLOAG, surveying *The English Tradition in Design* (KING PENGUIN BOOKS, 2/6) from thirteenth-century chests to the ticket-and-change machines in Piccadilly Circus, seems prepared to admit Professor Lethaby's axiom that "a machine-made thing can never be a work of art," an axiom very pertinently echoed by the Board of Trade in listing valuables for export. He feels, however, that the benefits of mass-production outweigh its disadvantages; and the chief interest of his book for those who differ from him is the admirable precision with which he has traced the (very early) emergence of the industrial stranglehold and noted the intermittent kicks of the craftsman. It is odd to discover 1660-1830 described as the Golden Age of English design: a claim reinforced by the illustration of a Chippendale chair, woven, apparently, of mahogany ribbons, and a textual picture of Adam's carpets "not dissimilar in effect from Roman tessellated pavements." Yet Ernest Gimson is rightly praised for harking back to the furniture of the Puritans, a feat that can still be humbly emulated by anyone lawless enough to look up a village undertaker with a few spare elm coffin-planks under the counter.

H. P. E.

An Entertaining Miscellany

The late Professor A. W. STEWART in addition to his chemical research work and his duties as a lecturer at the Universities of London and Glasgow, was the author, under the name of J. J. Connington, of a scientific thriller, "Nordenholt's Million," and of numerous detective stories. In the clumsily named, but amusing, delightfully written and informative *Alias J. J. Connington* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 15/-) he has covered a wide variety of subjects in a light and cheerful style which sets off the author's solid knowledge and judicial frame of mind to great advantage. In "The Mystery of Chantelle" he deals clearly and thoroughly with the killing, in 1890, of an unattractive French lawyer by an attractive French widow, and leaves the reader to come to his own conclusions about the lady's motives. In a discussion of where plots come from, he makes the interesting observation that each of the four Sherlock Holmes novels turns on a murder, but that there are very few murders in the short stories. Speaking with the authority of a specialist, he dismisses as groundless the fears that an atomic explosion may disintegrate the planet itself. In "Money for Nothing" he narrates, among many other get-rich-quick devices, a very ingenious and, while it lasted, profitable method of making money at Monte Carlo; and in a particularly interesting essay he sketches the career of Gilles de Rais, the mediæval nobleman, who fought under Joan of Arc, and later turned to alchemy, black magic and wholesale murder.

H. K.

Naval Ambassador

Captain ANTHONY KIMMINS' broadcasts are still fresh in the memory as probably the most successful interpretation to the public of any one arm in the war. In a rare degree they combined expert knowledge, racy description and a human warmth that was not afraid of a dash of genuine sentiment. He has now collected them as the basis for the story of his own adventures, and the result is *Half-Time* (HEINEMANN, 15/-), which records modestly and with humour a war service few can have matched for interest. Beginning as a Fleet Air Arm pilot recalled from the reserve and ending as Chief of Naval Information to the British Pacific Fleet, he made such an impression with a broadcast in 1940 about the gallantry of the merchantmen

that thereafter he accompanied almost every marine expedition of note and visited sailors wherever they were to be found. All the major European landings, Admiral Burrough's Malta convoy, action in the Pacific and many other historic scenes are vividly described. Perhaps most harrowing of all was his journey in an ancient French aircraft operated by a pilot with a cigar and gardening boots who succeeded in getting wedged in the lavatory over the Atlas Mountains. In addition to using him as a public eye the Admiralty sent him frequently to the States to make known what we were doing; and one of the most pleasant things in a memoir unfashionably free of mud and acid is his whole-hearted appreciation of American friendship and American fighting. Of the embarrassing peculiarities of American army plumbing he is, however, less approving, finding in it a fascinating root-cause of national differences.

E. O. D. K.

"La Grande Miss Shaw"

The sagacity and charm that made Miss E. MOBERLY BELL's "Octavia Hill" memorable have a more complicated theme in *Flora Shaw* (CONSTABLE, 15/-). Flora Shaw, subsequently Lady Lugard, was an imperialist *pur sang*. Admirably self-educated in Irish and French country-houses, she became, to all intents and purposes, Colonial Editor of *The Times* and represented the *Manchester Guardian* at the Brussels Conference on African Slavery in 1889. Horrified at English industrial conditions, she saw in South African expansion—in Anglo-Saxon colonies where the native should be "a labourer" instead of "a lounging savage"—a solution for a two-fold problem. The Jameson Raid found her ironically compromised. She had been working for a more congenial scheme for a rising among the Uitlanders; and her personal cables in the British South African Company's code gave the more cautious *Times* a nasty jar. Miss MOBERLY BELL's biography is soundly based on her heroine's character and less impregnably on her ideals. A touch of affectionate depreciation does, it is true, comment Lady Lugard's last imperial gesture, the marketing of millions of Surrey lettuces grown on the most modern lines at a dead loss. Her essential greatness lay in the great gifts she dedicated to her family: a dedication on which, by a common paradox, her striking career was founded and sustained.

H. P. E.

Laughs

To people who admit the possibility of being moved to uncontrollable laughter, again and again, by the printed word—and there are depressingly many who don't, for laughter that is not mechanically turned on and off at conventional devices plainly labelled "Joke" is beyond their experience—the publication of *Keep It Crisp* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), the second of Mr. S. J. PERELMAN's books to come out in this country, will mean a good deal. The most determined fans of this wonderfully funny author will have read in the *New Yorker* all the pieces reprinted in this volume, but the extreme comic richness of his writing is preservative: the stimulus to laughter works again without fail on a second reading, and few owners of the book will neglect to test it with success time after time. Two years ago the notice in these pages of "Crazy Like a Fox" remarked on Mr. PERELMAN's calculated, expert and individual use of that basis of so much modern humorous writing, the ribald treatment of the cliché. This time let us mention two more of his most characteristic habits: his way of acidly parodying for a few lines anybody—from an advertisement copywriter upwards—he is led to think of

at the moment, and his frequent use with explosively funny effect, and without warning, explanation or apology, of a phrase or sentence of absolutely uninhibited exaggeration.

B. M.

The Isles of Greece

When is a war book not a war book? According to the publishers of *Dust Upon the Sea* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 15/-), its author, Mr. W. E. BENYON-TINKER, gives the answer in the telling of the Levant Schooner Flotilla's operations in the Aegean during 1943-5. Yet, as he says himself—"I would only say (if I have unwittingly given the impression that the whole affair was a lighthearted piece of filibustering) that the background of Aegean raiding operations was one of grim unromantic hard work and planning." He begins by describing how he, as an Army Intelligence Officer based at Beirut, heard through Lieutenant ADRIAN SELIGMAN, R.N.R., of an "interesting" job connected with small craft and under the aegis of the Royal Navy, and so became gunnery and intelligence officer to the flotilla. A number of Greek caiques were converted, camouflaged and manned. Their purpose was to take detachments of raiding forces to the islands, pick them up when their jobs were finished and to act generally as scouts and taxis. The book tells how the work was done and how successfully; it also blends grimness and gaiety with the greatest skill. It is a fine tale finely told for all its lightheartedness.

B. E. B.

In a reference, on page 389 of our issue of October 22nd last, to *Prehistoric Britain*, published by CHATTO AND WINDUS at 15/-, it should have been made clear that the book has been largely re-written and greatly expanded since its first appearance in the Pelican Series. In addition, there are now fifty-four illustrations.



"Thirty-one per cent. say 'nylons'; twenty-four per cent. say 'fish'; two per cent. the Kew bus, and forty-three 'no opinion'."

Autobiography of a Badge

I AM a Badge—a badge which designated that my wearer was a proficient member of the Home Guard. I was born on the 7th of April 1941, and my birth was announced not in the columns of the daily newspapers but in a War Office Instruction. At first I was fated to be a “one inch red square to be worn one corner uppermost on the lower part of the right sleeve of the battle-dress.” I had arrived a week or so before this War Office Instruction reached my unit, joined Siamese-twin pattern to all my brothers and sisters. In fact we were then nothing more or less than a roll of one-inch red cloth. We were not even mentioned in the vouchers which accompanied us and the other stores from the T.A. Association. I remember how delighted the Q.M. was to find he had won something from the Association at last. He asked the adjutant who happened to be in the stores at the time what we were. The adjutant said he didn't know, but that we might be cleaning material for the firing-pin of the Blacker Bombard, or even marking material for the American Rifles. Apparently many otherwise efficient Home Guardsmen, who were unable in their night-firing practices to see the red painted bands with which American rifles were marked, had been loading with .303 ammunition. They were balanced by those who tried to load .300 ammunition into .303 English rifles. The pasting of our material round the stock would or really should avoid these errors and the consequent damage. This of course was before the days of the luminous-paint marking which many units adopted.

But I am digressing. Our roll was thrown on the top shelf where we rested, but not for long. I was cut off from the others one evening in June and issued—again with no voucher—to the man with whom I have spent all my separate existence: to wit Sergeant Proud. He had just passed the Proficiency Exam. and took me home that evening full of pride. His wife sewed me on “one corner uppermost on the lower part of the right sleeve of the battle-dress,” strictly in accordance with my—I think I can call it my—War Office Instruction. In fact my bottom corner almost reached the edge of the cuff. During the next few weeks I saw many of my relations on Sunday mornings and Tuesday and Thursday evenings. We lent quite a patch of colour to the bar counters. We did not all repose on quite the same portions of our respective owners' sleeves, but who minded? Someone did, though, and immediately dashed into print.

The arrival of another War Office Instruction changed me into “a diamond-shaped piece of red material each edge measuring 1 in. 5 in. from edge of sleeve to lower point of diamond.” The Saturday before August Bank Holiday Mrs. Proud cut me off and after pulling me into the shape of a diamond, which she said wasn't easy, sewed me on once more strictly in accordance with instructions. How different we all looked after the all-day exercise on Bank Holiday. You couldn't tell one right sleeve from the other when they rested on the counter. Winnie (that's the barmaid) said that we—the badges not the wearers—looked just like a regiment of toy soldiers. How pleased the author of the War Office Instruction must have felt at that moment!

There was a bit of a stir—almost consternation—about six months later. A War Office Instruction of 1942 had announced that the Proficiency Badge was only to be worn by members below the rank of sergeant. I remember how sad Sergeant Proud and his wife were when she cut me off and placed me reverently in his great-grandfather's jug in the cupboard in the front room. My owner used to come and look at me sometimes and then look at the vacant space on his sleeve.

I was horrified in the early part of March 1944 when one evening Mrs. Proud sat down, on the chair where she used to attend to me, with battle-dress, needle and thread, and began to sew three chevrons “apex uppermost on the outer side of the right sleeve of the battle-dress blouse midway between

the two seams, the apex of the lowest chevron being four inches from the bottom edge of the sleeve.” This was just where I used to be. I could not help wondering what was happening to my brothers and sisters—or rather those whose owners were still below the rank of sergeant. I heard later that some of them had been superimposed by either one, two or three chevrons, which, of course, denoted one, two or three years' service, and that they looked like this—



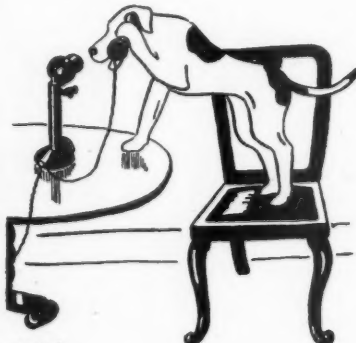
I heard later still that others, whose owners became proficient after the issue of the chevrons, took the place of honour with a chevron background like this—



Others still were sewn on below, above, and even alongside the chevrons. In those days the wearing of chevrons was compulsory. How the author of War Office Instructions must have chafed! I wonder what Winnie had to say!

The situation had become so urgent that a War Office letter of 20th May 1944 was sent out, but the chevrons had won the battle. The Proficiency Badge must in future be worn “on the left sleeve, bottom of badge being six inches from bottom of sleeve. Not to be worn by members above rank of corporal.” By this time the wearing of the badge was governed by Section 41(d) of Home Guard Regulations and also para. 2 of “Qualifications for and conditions governing the award of the Home Guard Proficiency Badges and Certificates 1943.” I heard later that the terms of this War Office letter were subsequently confirmed by an Amendment to “Qualification . . . 1943,” and a printed amendment to Home Guard Regulations, both of which, however, did not arrive before the Home Guard “stood down.”

One evening in June 1944 I was quietly dozing in my jug when my owner dashed into the house and called to Mrs. Proud to bring her needle and thread. I was astonished when he came to the cupboard and tenderly—for I had had trouble with a moth—



“Don't be silly! How do you expect ME to take down a message?”

lifted me up and carried me over to the "sewing" chair. With glee he told his wife of the arrival of "Amendment No. 3 to Qualifications . . . 1943" of June 1944. "NOT TO BE WORN BY MEMBERS ABOVE THE RANK OF SERGEANT." The following evening I once more went proudly with my owner to the Platoon Hut, but this time I was an inch higher and it seemed as if we were walking backwards. Above me were a "Skill at Arms" Badge, a "Signallers" Badge, a "Bomb Disposal" Badge, and a "First Aid" Badge, for my owner was efficient in all branches of military skill and always gained a "D." My owner pointed them out later in the evening to Winnie and told her that they had been introduced by War Office letter of 20th May 1944, but that the author must have remembered the badge/chevron war, as the letter, although stating that they were to be worn in the same place as the Proficiency Badge, had wisely provided that in the event of the Proficiency Badge being worn the former should be worn above it.

Below me were the two wound stripes of "red crayon (lustrous) braid" in respect of my owner's two wounds in the 1914/1918 war, and the stripe of "narrow gold braid" for the wound received during the air-raid in 1942. On his right sleeve where I used to be were four chevrons, for my owner had by this time completed four years' service. I heard my owner tell Winnie that there would be more trouble soon because he intended to re-qualify annually for the Proficiency Badge under Amendment No. 3 of April 1943 of Home Guard Regulations. This would mean that he would have to wear a bar of my material—"one inch by one inch—quarter-inch below lowest point of diamond," and that he expected that a badge/stripes war would develop in 1946.

Except for one or two occasions I didn't see the light of day until the winter of 1946. Then my owner used to wear his battle-dress when he was working in the garden. He would stroll down to the pub in the evenings. Sometimes I would meet some of my brothers and sisters, some of whom were in a sorry state. I think it was the 4th of February 1947 when to my astonishment I saw one on a right sleeve. My owner, who must have known his owner well, said "Anyone can see you didn't parade after VE Day."

I wonder if I will come out from the cupboard again or if my life is ended. Lest I pass into oblivion I am now recording the first six years of my life.



"The weather forecast perhaps and a few football results, but keep him off solid news for another day or two."

Les Champignons

Conversation Exercise

LET us go now and seek mushrooms for supper. Stewed with milk they will provide a nourishing meal.

Shall we require our ration-books?
No, mushrooms are not yet rationed.
Where shall we find them?
In the meadow.
Shall we not require a bag or basket?
Perhaps. Here is one.
Is that large enough?
Let us hope we shall fill it.
Look, there I think is a mushroom.
Do not hurry. It will not run away.
It is a white stone.
That is a pity.
Here at last is one.
It is rather small. It will not make a very large dish.
Never mind, it is a beginning.
Here is another.
Throw it away, it is a toadstool.
It is nevertheless very handsome.
Many people, I believe, eat toadstools.

Many people also die of eating them. We will perhaps throw it away. Here, however, is another mushroom.

It is somewhat worm-eaten. A mushroom which is worm-eaten is even more poisonous than a toadstool.

We will throw that one away also.

Let us go in.
Yes, it is growing late.
Have you the mushroom?
Yes, it is in the basket.

We did not require such a large basket. I do not see the mushroom.

It was there a minute ago.

It is not there now.

That is strange. I saw it when I put down the basket to climb the fence.

See, that chicken is eating something.

It is eating the mushroom.

That is a pity. We shall not now have mushrooms for supper. C. F. S.

Wicked it is, Wicked.

EVERY now and then, as a special treat, my wife used to let me go out shopping. I am speaking of course of the days when it was possible to regard shopping as a treat. She would say "Call at the grocer's and buy some coffee, will you?" And I would call at the grocer's and buy the coffee and look at this and take a fancy to that and decide to experiment with one of the small tins and try a jar of the new line, and the grocer would make a large neat parcel with two layers of stiff brown paper and instruct his assistant to carry it out to the car for me.

The whole thing, in fact, was a pleasure and something of an adventure. It gave a zest to the morning. After the manner of his kind the grocer would say "New in this morning, sir," or "French, you know, sir—very choice," or "I'm sure your wife would like this, sir," or "A little Roquefort—nothing like a little Roquefort, is there, sir—this piece too small for you?" Obviously he liked it too, you see.

You have probably decided by now that this is just another lament for the Good Old Days. It is, in fact, nothing of the sort. It is a purely personal and individual lament for the grocer.

For one reason and another I had seen very little of the grocer for several years until quite recently. And when my wife said "Call at the grocer's and buy some coffee, will you?" I looked forward to a pleasant reunion. Of course there'd be points and whatnot, I knew, but there would surely be something to buy in the grocer's shop.

He seemed glad enough to see me back, and when I asked for the coffee he set his little machine going and

collected the results in a blue-paper bag. "One-and-four," he said.

I looked around. "You've got a nice show of tinned prawns there," I said.

For the first time I noticed the change in him. Instead of beaming with pride in his possessions he merely sniffed. "Might well be," he said. "Nobody wants to pay that for prawns."

"All the same," I said. "I'll risk one tin."

"You'll regret it," said the grocer. "Wasting your money." He took a tin down resentfully. "Sure you want them?"

"I'm very fond of prawns," I said apologetically. "Oh—and I'd like some cheese biscuits, please."

"Ha!" said the grocer. A hollow "Ha!" "I've got these," he said, "if you can call them cheese biscuits."

"They look all right to me."

"Wicked it is, wicked. Look at the price! And they want points for them, too! Points! Have you got points to spend on things like that?"

"We could afford half a pound, I think," I faltered.

"Wouldn't catch me doing it. Look at the tin. See what you're buying. Only water biscuits, you know."

"I like water biscuits."

He said, I believe, "Wugh!" With an air of wishing to dissociate himself from the whole proceeding, he opened the tin and weighed out the biscuits. I didn't dare to ask for anything else.

The next week my wife asked me to call for coffee again. The grocer raised no actual objection to my having the coffee, but one gathered that he privately considered coffee-drinking to be an idle and prodigal fad.

"You have some tinned oysters, I see," I observed cautiously.

"For those who want them," said the grocer. "Absurd price. Wicked it is, wicked. The coffee's one-and-four, please."

The grocer's opinion of those who wanted tinned oysters was so clear that I felt it best to stay out of their number. "And—er—aren't those *hors d'œuvres*?" I said, shyly.

"Says so on the label. You're not thinking of buying any, are you?"

"Well—I was. You see, *hors d'œuvres*—"

"You must have more money than sense. Look at the stuff! Five bob a dollop! Couple of mouthfuls and they're gone. Ridiculous!"

"Surely," I said, "if you talk to all your customers like that you'll never sell anything?"

"There are some who'll buy whatever you tell 'em. All I want to sell is my business and get out of it," said the grocer.

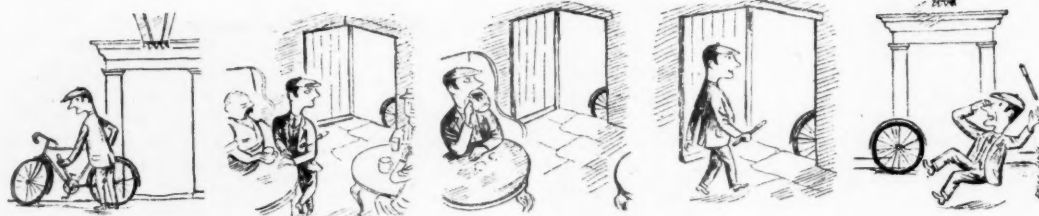
And indeed last week he did sell his business. I passed the shop while he was standing on the pavement watching the painter removing his name from the fascia-board. I might have expected to see a little nostalgic regret in his expression, possibly some pleasure or relief. But there was nothing except scorn and disgust.

"So you sold your business?" I said.

He nodded. "Five thousand I got for it," he said. "Not worth two. Fantastic price. Wicked it is, wicked."

Dispute

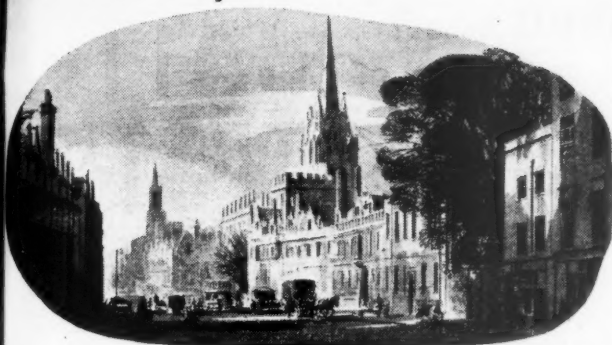
I KNOW geologists who say That mountains slowly wear away; Whereas to me, alas! it's clear That they get higher every year.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



High Street, Oxford

CITIES IN WHICH WE SERVE

OXFORD. King Alfred lived here in 879 A.D. He established a mint—to raise money. Henry I built himself a palace in the suburbs and Richard Cœur de Lion was born therein. One of the earliest colleges is Balliol, founded in 1263 by John de Bolioi as a penance for his sins. During the civil war the colleges melted down their plate to help finance Charles I. Charles II sometimes felt safer at Oxford than at Westminster and held parliaments there. The Austin Reed shop for men is in Cornmarket Street, where visitors are always assured of a friendly welcome.

There are Austin Reed shops in Oxford, London, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Coventry, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Plymouth, Sheffield and Southampton.

**JUST A PART
OF THE AUSTIN REED SERVICE**



*Which way
to the world?*

If you want to know the Speedbird way to anywhere between Montreal and Hong Kong, between Glasgow and Johannesburg—look for the B.O.A.C. sign outside a Travel Agency.

The man inside will give you not only the Speedbird routes, times and frequencies, but advice on anything to do with air travel from packing to passports. All his experience is freely at your service.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD BY SPEEDBIRD



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A., T.E.A.L.

They're like a ray of sunshine, Mr. Barratt



Not only are these delightful new shoes of yours so warm and comfortable—their gay designs even brighten up a November day! If it weren't for the coupons, I'd have thought austerity had gone for good!

Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country

Bumped, rattled and jolted over every type of surface the countryside can produce, out in all weathers, and sometimes sadly neglected—it's a hard life for the battery on a tractor. A life that would soon reveal a weakness, were any weakness present. Thousands of tractors at work on our farms rely on Exide Batteries. Where work is hardest and conditions are most severe you will find that batteries made by The Chloride Electrical Storage Company predominate: on tractors, trains and heavy transport. Where reliability is all-important, the choice is the same: on the South African Royal Train, and the Vikings of the King's Flight. In every Chloride, Exide or Exide-Ironclad Battery is embodied the experience gained in fifty-six years of battery manufacture.

**THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL
STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED**
Exide Works, Clifton Junction,
near Manchester



P.I.B.



FOX'S
Glacier
MINTS

THE "FINEST" PEPPERMINT
IN THE WORLD

Also made in
"Double Strength" and "Connoisseur"

For very fine wines



OLD CUSTOMERS are informed that limited supplies will shortly be available of HAWKER'S "PEDRO DA FONTE" & "HUNTING" PORT at 180/- and 210/- a dozen, and HAWKER'S "FINO" Sherry at 204/- a dozen

HAWKER'S
OF PLYMOUTH

SOLE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS PEDLAR BRAND SLOE GIN

PUNCH
HAVANA CIGARS

Are being enjoyed in most other countries

IMPORTS TO GREAT BRITAIN
STILL PROHIBITED

Cash's
NAME TAPES

The approximate time taken for delivery is 4-5 weeks; therefore place your order with your Draper or Outfitter in good time.

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Pa. 37, COVENTRY

H.R. Harmer Ltd.
INTERNATIONAL
STAMP AUCTIONEERS
CATALOGUES OF WEEKLY SALES
65 EACH, POST FREE
39-42 NEW BOND ST LONDON, W.1
AND AT NEW YORK * TEL: MAYFAIR 0218

What is an Invisible Asset?




Wherever Solvents are used in any quantity, the wastage caused by evaporation is really an invisible asset. Fortunately it is an asset that can readily be translated into terms of pounds, shillings and pence, with the aid of a Solvent recovery plant. If you would like to know if solvent recovery would be a worth while proposition in your case, our advisory department is always willing to supply the necessary information.

SUTCLIFFE SPEAKMAN & COMPANY LTD., LEIGH, LANCASHIRE
London Office: Godliman House, Godliman Street, E.C. 4. 'Phone: City 9284




THE AGENDA CAN WAIT - SCHWEPPE'S IS COMING BACK!

DAVID SINGDON



A household word for hygiene in the home

SANIPAN
automatic lavatory cleanser

Sanipan is in the shops—now. Never be without it, to be sure your lavatory is clean, white and fragrant. Just sprinkle Sanipan in the pan at night and flush in the morning. The large tin gives you extra value for 1/3. From chemists, grocers and chandlers—no coupons.

CLEANS • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

SANITISE WITH SANIPAN

A product of W. & F. Walker Ltd., Liverpool.

BATTLE TESTED



Battle-tested by the R.A.F., the new AC plugs with aircraft insulator will improve performance, bring new pep to an old engine. Fit the new AC plug today and discover how the aircraft insulator makes motoring cheaper. Save money by saving petrol.



THE NEW **AC** PLUG
WITH AIRCRAFT INSULATOR

Fit an OILCOIL



Guaranteed to improve performance of any car. Ensures greater power, improved petrol consumption and easier starting. Write for leaflet A.7.

RUNBAKEN MANCHESTER

BRONCHITIS
ASTHMA
CATARRH

POTTER'S
gives
INSTANT
RELIEF



Every home should keep a tin handy. Simply inhale the fumes and instant relief is at once experienced. Unequalled for all Bronchial Troubles, Colds, Coughs, Hay Fever, Croup and Whooping Cough.

POTTER'S
ASTHMA REMEDY

Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 2/6 including Purchase Tax

BY FAR THE BEST
RONUK
SANITARY POLISHES

KERFOOTS MEDICINAL LOZENGES

based on the skill
and experience of
three generations



THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

KG27

*Robinson
& Cleaver*
famous for FINE LINENS

London, Belfast, Bournemouth & Liverpool

Carters
INVALID FURNITURE



GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1
Phone: Lancham 1049.

Let
RODINE

kill the
RATS
1/3 2/6 5/-.
FROM CHEMISTS

CABLE & WIRELESS LTD

Output increasing
TELL AGENTS BY
CABLE

You can telephone a cable just as you do an inland telegram. Just phone your nearest Cable and Wireless office or ask exchange for "Foreign Telegrams" and dictate your message.



VIA IMPERIAL

Cable and Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2
Telephone: TEMple Bar 8494

WHEN LETTERS AWAIT ATTENTION CABLES DEMAND IT

CVS-83

Relieve your HEADACHE

There are very few headaches which can't be relieved by Phensic. Try it! Let Phensic soothe your nerves, relieve the pain, comfort you — without upset to the stomach or harm to the heart. Phensic acts as an internal disinfectant. It helps to remove from the bloodstream, irritants which can cause many different kinds of nerve and muscular pain. If you have never tried Phensic—do so now! 3 1/4 d., 1/4 & 3/3 inc. Pur. Tax.



Phensic
The grand tonic
pain-relieving tablet!

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



Please remember the 7,500 boys and girls in Dr. Barnardo's Homes this Christmas!

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF 10/-

pays for one child's food for a week.

May we feed at least one boy or girl in your name?

Dr. Barnardo's Homes do not receive Family Allowances for the children in their care.

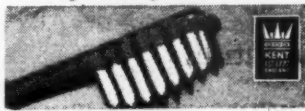
Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," addressed 4 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Hamleys
Solely the
HAMELY BROTHERS LTD

200-202, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(OUR ONLY ADDRESS)

Still the finest toy shop in the world

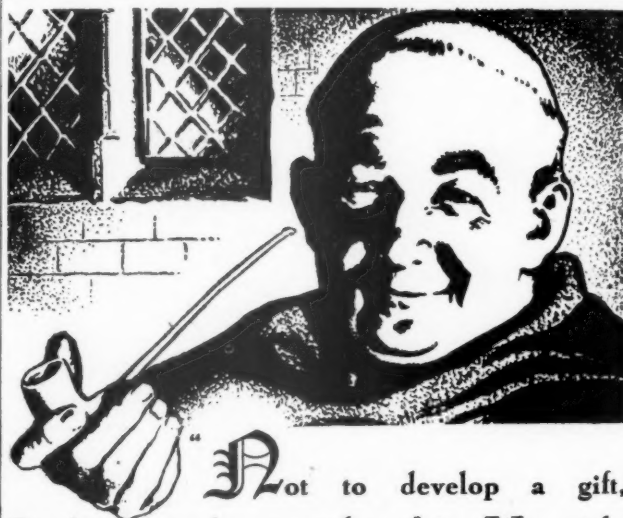
Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

• AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION. • PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes



Not to develop a gift, Brother, is to be unworthy of it. We might have accepted tobacco as it was. Instead, by care and inspiration, men have produced this Mixture—a veritable work of Art, a hymn in praise of Providence."

Fryer's Special 4/4 for 1 oz.

SMOKYNGE MIXTURE



Serene, peaceful and beautiful—just like the loveliness of "Moderna" Blankets.

Already they are in use on the "Queen Elizabeth" and leading Air-Liners; specially selected for their comfort, beauty and long life. Pure lamb's wool throughout, and in 10 lovely modern Pastel Shades.

MODERNA BLANKETS

Export only now. British Homes later.
Well worth waiting for!

Thos. Ratcliffe & Co. Ltd. Mytholmroyd, Yorks.



beautiful

pure round wool
of steadfast quality

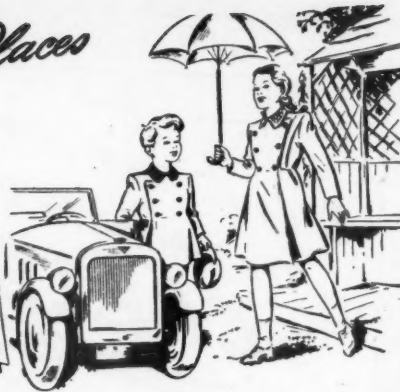


Going Places

in PETER PAN

COATS

... of course!



Available at leading shops throughout the country.

An Inspired Gift

Muse

NOUVEAU PARFUM DE



Cerebos

The "finest" salt



on whose
dressing table?

On yours, surely — this new modern SPA Hairbrush. Lovely and dazzling to look at, with its stream-lined plastic back in crystal or colours. Easy and most delightful to handle. The resilient nylon tufts stimulate the hair, give it lustre and improve the wave. As good in quality as your SPA Toothbrush and SPA Nailbrush.

At all leading Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

2/- including Purchase Tax
John Freeman & Co. Ltd.
Spa Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

CURICONE'S

For RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO · SCIATICA · GOUT · ETC.
Obtainable from all Chemists



'Cherokee' — in suede,
soft as an Indian moccasin,
with a coil of suede and leather to
emphasize its becoming lines,



Clarks
SKYLINE

FASHION
SHOES

in American
Fittings

Individually fitted to your feet
for length, width and girth — every size in
several fittings.

C. & J. CLARK LTD. (Wholesale only) STREET, SOMERSET



RAYON
LINGERIE
Fashioned by
CONLOWE

OF
CONGLETON
CHESHIRE
ENGLAND



SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 8th

C



No Gum
No Soap
No Spirit
No Starch

BRYLCREEM

the perfect Hair Dressing

Full marks for Brylcreem! As a *dressing* it controls your hair without gumming, keeps it soft and glossy all day. As a *tonic*—with massage it helps to stimulate the scalp and keeps dandruff away and thus helps to prevent "Dry" Hair. That's because Brylcreem consists of pure natural oils and other valuable ingredients. That's why Brylcreem is used by more men than any other hair dressing or tonic.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middx.

royds

THE OXO-ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Enrich, (*v.t.*) make rich

add to contents of; make rich in
quality and flavour etc. Hence

ENRICHMENT, (*n.*) that which is
enriched with OXO...

in brief—

OXO

FOR
TASTY DISHES



Carved oak

THE proud association of the inn with fine craftsmanship goes back to the sixteenth century, when many historic hostelries vied with each other in their use of carved oak. Heavy stuff it was, as we can see it today, whether furniture, or over-mantel or staircase. And many a fine craftsman found "good employ" under such generous patronage. When fine materials are in good supply once more, the skill of the modern craftsman will soon delight the eye—

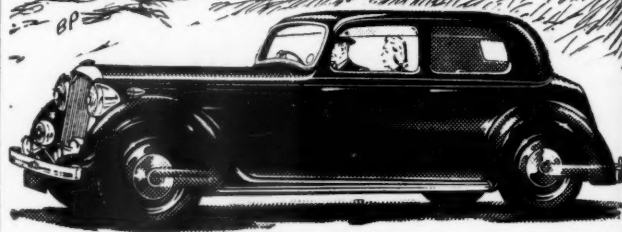
At the friendly Inn

Printed for The Brewers' Society



VISITORS TO BRITAIN

FOR the convenience of Visitors to Britain requiring a Rover car for use during their stay and for subsequent export, Rover Dealers overseas have made arrangements with the Company to give early delivery in this country from their export quota. Particulars can be obtained from the Head Offices of The Rover Co. Ltd., or their London Showrooms.



ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

The Rover Co. Ltd., Solihull, Birmingham; and Devonshire House, London
CVS-57